Frontispiece to Vol. 33.

Published [illegible] eble, Warwick Square London, March 31.1809.

Ansajer Rajol 1817

Thirteenth of the Improv'd Work

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 33.

London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1809

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

OCTOBER, 1808.

CONTAINING

The Godolphin Arabian........*Page* 3
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c....... 3
Boxing Matches at Moulsey Hurst, between Crib and Gregson 5
Belcher and Cropley ... 8
Dogherty and Powell .. 8
A Sportsman's Sensations 9
On the true Interpretation of the Game Laws 11
Court-Martial on Captain Hewetson, of the 9th Regiment 12
Single-stick and Wrestling 14
The Sailors in Drink 15
Amusements and Games among the Anglo-Saxons 16
The Dogs of the Alps, and Affection and Instinct of others.......... 17
The Week's Journal of a Strolling Player 19
The Gomedha Jug, or Sacrifice of the Bull, in India...................20
Modern Fashion defined 21
The Perplexities of a Man of Letters..21
Major Hogan, and his Pamphlet 25
Feast of Wit 29
Laconic Correspondence 31
Winners of the Royal Plates at Hambleton, from 1715 to 1808......33
History and Delineation of the Horse 35
Death of Mr. Christopher Scaife 35
Dead Game — a beautiful Engraving ....*Page* 36
Extraordinary Speed 36
Manner of fattening Turkish Beauties 37
Death of old Reynard..............37
Sporting Intelligence 38
Stewards appointed for the next Dumfries Races 38
Explanation of the Law as to Gamekeepers' Deputations 39
Backsword Playing 40
Pedestrianism 40
Match against Time 41
Boxing 42
Further Particulars of the Battles at Moulsey 43
Abridged Account of the Newmarket Second October Meeting 44

POETRY.

The Shepherd's Song and the Milkmaid's Answer 45
The Gaming Table..................46
Prologue to the traditionary Play of the Mysterious Bride...........46
Duck Shooting 47
The Filbert 47
Michael Wiggins in Debt...........48
Epigram 48

Racing Calendar...............1

Embellished with—I, A highly-finished Engraving of the Godolphin Arabian.
II, A beautiful Engraving of Dead Game.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

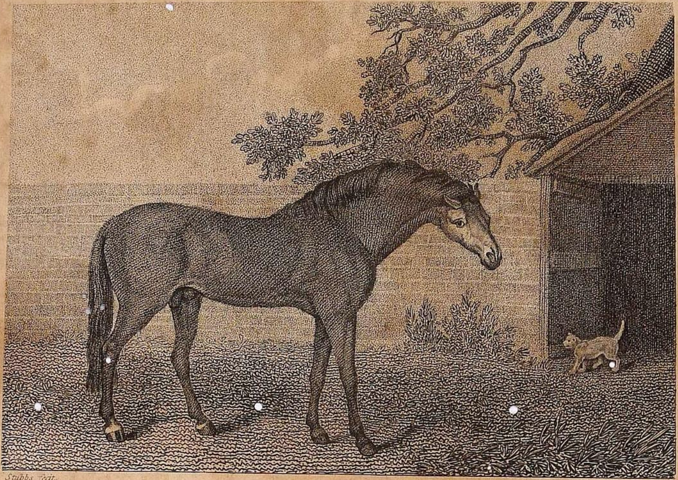
AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; MAYNARD, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Communications of X. X. are received. We are apprehensive, however, that their insertion would tend to a discussion, of little interest to the majority of our readers.

We are obliged, from want of room, to omit several Race Meetings till next Month, when they will certainly be attended to.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Stubbs fecit. *Nicholls pinx^t.*

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

Pub^d by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

WE have this month the pleasure to present our readers with a highly-finished Engraving, by Mr. Nichols, of the Godolphin Arabian, Father of the Turf, from a picture by the inimitable Stubbs.

The history and pedigree of this horse have been anticipated in our Magazine for July last, with some account of the extraordinary attachment he exhibited towards his companion, a stable cat.

The sources from whence we derive our embellishments are abundant, and we are promised, from time to time, a supply of such original materials as will not only delight the sportsman, but perfect an elegant stud of those noble animals, that have stood so high, for the last century, in public estimation, and on the records of the turf; and to add to these advantages, our engraver has promised that no exertion shall be wanting on his side to give the most perfect representation of such horses as may come before him, and of all other subjects within the plan of this undertaking.

To extol the present fac-simile is unnecessary. Our sporting friends have acknowledged the likeness, and that with the greatest exactitude.—It should be noticed, that this engraving is not copied from any print, but immediately from the original painting.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

MAJOR CAMPBELL.

FROM the melancholy issue of this tragedy, some very important facts may be established, illustrative of the evil principles from which duels generally arise, and, of course, detrimental to that fallacious tone of thinking, which constitutes the basis of what is termed *modern honour!*

We are ready to admit that cases may occur, where a gentleman (and a military man more especially) may be compelled, from the operation of social prejudices, to such reparation, in a duel, for some received aggression, which cannot be done away by the interference of the laws, or the suggestions of morality; but as those instances should be of the highest importance to the feelings of the heart to justify an appeal to arms, we must not lightly and inconsiderately suffer an infraction of moral order to pass by, without an accompanying drawback upon its vanity, if it proceeds from the ebullitions of folly, and upon its turpitude, if it proceeds from foul revenge.

In the regretted dispute between MAJOR CAMPBELL and CAPTAIN BOYD, there was no evidence adduced which could justify the extreme measures which were taken by the unhappy gentleman, who has

has publicly suffered the sentence of the law.—The charge of the Judge who presided at this trial, was as elucidatory, comprehensive, and satisfactory, as any that ever came under our observation: he solemnly directed their attention to that question and answer, which involved the fatal offence; viz. "Do you say I am wrong?"—"Yes, I do."—Now, although much meaning may be attached to those words, yet if it could not be proved that they were uttered with a provoking asperity of manner, (for the *manner* may be rendered more offensive than the *matter*) there does not appear any thing upon the face of the affair, which would not admit of an honourable and pacific explanation.—We may presume to ask, who is there that could exist in security, if the responsibility for our ephemeral weaknesses were made as heavy as the responsibility for our crimes, or treason to the administration of virtue? The lapses from actual propriety are so frequent, even in what is termed the best company, that a fiery disposition need not ponder long, before it might find an occasion for the rupture of order, if the required charities of our nature did not annihilate the error, by waiting for a proof that it was unconnected with intention.

In what degree an individual, who ranks in life as a gentleman, is to bear with an offending expression, has never yet been ascertained; but certain we are, that the same nature which becomes inflamed and inexorable at a presumed indecorum from one man, will quiescently endure the same, or a greater species of offence, from another!—The common excuse, on such occasions, has been, that the offending party was beneath consideration: yet, without descanting too widely on these premises, we must insist, that if the feelings can be made obedient in one case, they may in another: hence branches the very serious conclusion, that such feelings are, in a material point of view, altogether artificial, and that the heavy responsibility which modern duellists assume is a ridiculous sacrifice to their vanity, and wholly inconsistent with their natural character.

It may be asked by those who are placed in the more delicate departments of society, such as the Officers of our Navy and Army, how they are to avoid being embroiled with coarse blockheads, so long as it is necessary for them to preserve their honour untarnished, and while rudeness has a footing in society?—We would recommend, in the majority of such cases, that their forbearance should be proportionate to their professional gallantry; nor could their character suffer with their country under such circumstances. Of all the heroes that are recorded, how few among them have condescended to be duellists! and even those men who have rendered themselves the most remarkable for this destructive propensity, have generally made it a secondary cause to cover a primary villainy: thus endeavouring, by palpable habits of desperation, to place Terror in alliance with Plunder!

Had the writer of this article a power commensurate with his desires, he would make the grosser violations of delicacy so punishable by human opinion, that a species of temporal purgatory should be instituted for those who were base enough to contemn good manners. The too preponderating force of rank and fortune should be made to recede before the honest tribunal of

of moral order; nor should that man be accepted, or acceptable, in civil life, who did not acknowledge the supremacy of such obligations.

We shall finish this essay, by inserting a part of the written declaration which GENERAL HAMILTON made at New York, on the 11th of July, 1804, preparatory to his fatal duel with COLONEL BURR, obviously to be opened on the event of his death; and, as the courage of this gentleman was never questioned, perhaps the document may not be entirely useless.

1. "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow creature, in a private combat, forbidden by the laws.

2. "My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

3. "I feel a sense of obligation *towards my creditors*, who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be, in some degree, sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard."

[We must remark, upon the *extraordinary tenor* of this article, that it was copied literally from General Hamilton's MS. and is by no means meant to convey any sarcastic reflection upon the more fashionable part of English society.]

4. "I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview.

5. "It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanation on the ground. Apology, from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question. To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer, that my *relative situation* (General Hamilton was, or had been, Commander in Chief, and was the head of the *Federal* party), as well in public as in private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate *honour*, imposed on me a peculiar necessity not to decline the call."

The meeting took place at Hoboken Ferry, in New Jersey, on the same day, when General Hamilton was unfortunately wounded mortally, at the first shot. The ball had touched the spine, and a paralysis preceded his death.

W.

BOXING.

THE grand match between Crib and Gregson, for 500 guineas, was decided on Tuesday the 25th, at Moulsey Hurst, in a thirty-feet roped ring, in the presence of as great a number of spectators as ever assembled on a similar occasion. It was made known, on Monday afternoon, that Moulsey would be the spot for the grand exhibition; and the sports of the day proved abundantly diverting, inasmuch as the battles between Crib and Gregson, and Cropley and Belcher, were most admired specimens of skill and courage.

The beating Gregson received a few months since at the hands of Gully, spurred him on to be tenfold solicitous for another combat, and on Major Morgan, his former backer, declining to give his patronage, the

the Marquis of Tweedale stepped forward as patron for this combat, against Crib, who was backed by P. Methuen, Esq. At half past twelve o'clock, the company having formed a ring round a roped one of thirty feet, the champions appeared and prepared for battle. Gully and Gibbons seconded Crib, and Jem Belcher and Richman seconded Gregson. Precise betting, at the commencement, was five to four on Crib, but there were more persons desirous of betting the odds than of taking. At a quarter before one the combatants set to, and strict silence prevailed.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1. The instant Crib shook hands, he stepped back two paces and put himself in attitude; a short sparring followed, whilst anxious solicitude prevailed to witness the first assault; Gregson attempted it with his left hand at an ill-judged distance, which of course fell short; Crib attempted a hit, which went over Gregson's left shoulder, and closing followed. Both fell, Crib undermost.

2. Crib hit his adversary right and left on the body, and then got away. Gregson followed courageously, but could not place a blow, and in closing, Crib fell on his knees.

3. This round produced the first blood, and first knock-down. — Gregson made a courageous attempt to hit his adversary, who got away and put in a very severe left-handed facer, the effects of which caused a constant effusion of blood during the combat.—Gregson, rather intemperately, made one of his tremendous left-handed blows at Crib's neck, which fortunately told only partially, or it was the opinion that Crib could not have come again. He, however, rallied, and knocked down his adversary.—Two to 1 on Crib.

4. A smart rally was commenced by Gregson, but Crab had decidedly the best of it, although he received a hard round hit under the ear. Gregson kept following, the other retreating; and this being a mode of fighting which Crib excels in, he dexterously managed, at every retreating step, to put in a left-handed facer; and Gregson's courage led him on until his face resembled a red mask, and he fell apparently stupified.

5. Crib, in making play, fell on a blow.

6. This round reduced the odds again to the original standard.—Gregson judged his distance in this round, and the first hit which Crib received with his adversary's left hand was so tremendous, that he was glaringly abroad and stupified, and had Gregson's knowledge of boxing been equal to his strength and courage, Crib must have been beat out of time; but the latter kept getting away, apparently desirous of finishing the round, whilst Gregson followed, and, for want of knowledge, gave away the opportunity of winning the fight by sparring instead of hitting. Crib, however, retreated to the ropes, and was obliged to sustain another rally much to his disadvantage, before he could close the round, and he was beat off his legs.—Betting as at setting to.

7. Crib appeared with a hideous temple and head, which he had been complimented with in the rally, and Gregson was bleeding copiously from the mouth and nose. They were both hit to a stand-still in a rally.—Crib was thrown.

8. Gregson made play, but again ill-judged his distance, and Crib put in his favourite left-handed hit

on

on the sore mouth; Gregson was so much abroad and wild, that he closed on his adversary, and gave him a casual and heavy cross-buttock.—Two to 1 on Crib.

9. This round shewed very unfavourable symptoms, and Gregson's friends were alive to his distress. His nature caused him angrily to keep following Crib, who was at his game of retreat, and he was punished with facers in a manner that rendered it doubtful about his coming again. He was beat into a state of stupidity, and fell on his knees without the power of getting up alone.—Three to 1 on Crib.

10. Crib continued his successful career, until it required a judge to tell which was the most fatigued. Both fell on their knees after an inoffensive rally, and they had a fraternal hug, but were both so exhausted, that each laid himself down with fatigue.

11. Both appeared shy to recover wind, and after an irregular close, both fell.

12. Each seemed to have recovered his wind to a certain degree, and one of the most obstinate and sanguinary rounds in the battle ended materially to the advantage of Gregson. At the commencement of the rally, a tremendous hit out from Gregson was about an inch or two from distance, or it must have vanquished Crib. Gregson ferociously maintained the rally, and planted two of his hits on Crib's head and body, which left him again abroad. Crib was ultimately thrown. —7 to 4 on Crib.

13. The former round produced such faces as no words can describe, and the combatants obstinately stood and hit each other, until Gregson was knocked down.

14. Another long and obstinately contested round. Gregson used every effort for superiority, but Crib had recovered strength and wind; Gregson's knees failed him in the end of the round, and he fell on his hands and scratched the grass like a man inebriated.

15. Crib beat his adversary to a stand still, and there was no chance left for Gregson. He fell again, and tried to get on his knees, in vain.—5 to 1.

16. Crib received a chance hit on the head at setting to, not being sufficiently strong to avoid it, and he fell.

17. 18. and 19. Gregson summoned a rally to each of these rounds, but both were too embarrassed to stay long, and Gregson had another decided advantage by hitting down his man. The battle at this time was something resembling that between Gregson and Gully at Newmarket. It was he who could plant a good hit, or be favoured by nature for a minute or two.—Betting was again reduced to 3 to 1.

20. A round in which the bottom of the combatants manifested itself more clearly than in any during the fight. They ran in at each other, and met like two drunken men without power to hit. Each fell irregularly.

21. No blow struck—Gregson fell at setting to.

22. The combatants raised another rally, and exchanged blows feebly—Crib was knocked, or rather bored down, and 10 to 1 was bet that he did not come again.

23. Crib put in two slight hits at meeting, and closing followed. A trial of strength took place in a wrestle, and Gregson received a heavy fall; he was, however, put again upon his second's knee; but on time being called, he was unable

to

to stand, the fall having seriously injured him. It was probably the happiest moment of Crib's life, who had just animation enough to hear the news.

In speaking of this battle, it is very difficult to decide which of these men proved the most courageous. If it be compared, it resembles that at Newmarket more than any other on record, in a sanguinary point of view. Gregson has sustained quite as much injury as in his former combats with Gully, and is as perfect a novice at boxing as when he first exhibited. His mode of fighting in this battle was precisely his original one. Crib was never secure of beating him; although Gregson was several times beat to a stand-still, yet he recovered his wind at intervals, and maintained the contest with wonderful courage. He proved himself, as before, a very bad judge of his distance—a thing necessary for him more than any other man. In rallying he has but one hit, and if that first hit happens not to stupify his adversary, he is lost in the rally. Crib is a shy and very good fighter. There were some few who backed Gregson freely, on the supposition that Crib could not hit hard enough to beat his adversary. The battle lasted thirty-six minutes.

YOUNG BELCHER AND CROPLEY.

This was perhaps the veriest boxing match that has been seen for some years, where the real science of the art of boxing was exhibited in a very superior degree. The seat of action may be truly called the *field of blood*; this battle being even of a more sanguinary nature than the former, and the combatants of as determined bottom as ever were pitted.

They were to have fought a match of fifty, but Cropley's backer did not appear, and consequently a purse of fifty was the object of the battle. At setting to, bets were 7 to 4 on Belcher. The battle consisted in obstinate rallying fighting, but to the advantage of Belcher from the beginning to the end, although Cropley once brought the match to even betting in about the tenth round. Belcher beat his antagonist in a safe and cautious manner. Cropley, although supposed to be a good boxer, has a knack of giving his head when he hits, a manner, perhaps, better suited to Belcher's scientific mode of fighting than any other. Belcher seldom made play, but availed himself of this natural fault of Cropley's, by waiting and stopping him, and putting in a facer. In this cautious manner, Belcher vanquished his adversary without sustaining any very serious beating, and he put in at least a hundred hard blows on Cropley's face, during a battle which lasted fifty-six minutes, and in which thirty-four rounds were fought. Cropley maintained a furious conflict until he was beat blind, and to a state of stupefaction. Mendoza and Dutch Sam seconded Belcher, and Jones and Dick Hall seconded Cropley.

Another battle was fought between Dogherty and a man of the name of Powell, for a purse. This battle, which lasted an hour and a half, was also well contested, and won by Dogherty. Thus ended a day which may be considered as having afforded as much amusement to the amateurs as any on record.

The Duke of Y—, Marquis of Tweedale, Earls Yarmouth, Craven, and Barrymore, Lords Brooke and Somerville, were present.

Some further Particulars are inserted in page 43.

A SPORTS-

A SPORTSMAN's SENSATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT the happiness of life consists rather in expectation than enjoyment, has been so frequently advanced, and so ably supported by writers of former ages, and so often repeated by those of our own times, it should seem impossible to urge any thing new on so trite a subject; yet, perhaps, the elucidation of a well-known fact, may produce variety to the readers of your instructive and truly entertaining Magazine; particularly if the examples be addressed to those who may never before have seen the subject placed in a line adapted to their pursuits; I mean the leisurely country gentleman, who hunts, or shoots, or fishes, as the seasons or the weather may induce him, and who at other times turns over the pages of your amusing Miscellany: to him I shall address these thoughts, for *he only* can judge how truly I describe his feelings.

In a warm summer's evening look at the patient angler, his eye intently fixed upon a floating quill; a little gust of wind deceives his sight, or his hand shakes, and causes an undulating motion of the cork; his heart bounds with transitory joy, but all is still again, and expectation gives a joy more calm: many minutes now elapse in silent watchfulness; at length his patience is kept no longer in suspence, the float with frequent jerks is snatched below the surface of the flood; he feels the tremulous motion in his hand, and pleasure thrills through all his frame; anxiety and hope, but not unmixed with fear, engross his whole attention, and cautiously he drags the struggling victim to the light; here, when he views the unexpected magnitude of his glittering prize, his joy is at its utmost reach; what object could at this moment tempt him to quit his station? Intent upon his sport, he one moment pulls, then seems to yield, then gently draws the exhausted victim, till at length, exulting, he takes the scaly prisoner in his hand; but alas! with his victory his pleasure ceases; for having disentangled the poor creature from his hook, he throws it down with indifference, and proceeds to fish again, that he may again enjoy the pleasure of anxious expectation.

It is with peculiar propriety that I consider the happiness of the sportsman, since I write this from my friend Aimwell's seat, in Berkshire, where the season of the year, and the necessity of exercise, with a love of conformity, have led me to partake in the delights and fatigues of shooting; and as I am not every day so employed, I could not help attending to my sensations during a walk of many hours and miles this morning: these I shall endeavour minutely to describe.

We rose and breakfasted an hour or two before our usual time, that we might find our game at feed upon the stubbles. A cloudy morning, with a brisk wind, that dried the dew, and gave the dogs every advantage of the scent, communicated cheerfulness and vigour to our undertaking. Hardly have we mounted the first stile, and stepped into the barley-stubble, but toho! old Sancho stands; Fop backs him staunchly; before *hope* can fully ripen into *joy*, young Carlo dashes in, and the whole covey flies into a distant field of new-cut clover, and there we mark down every bird: here is no time for disappointment, young Carlo is secured, and

taken into couples by the servant, and we step forward with eager strides to the object of our hopes. After walking briskly down the hill, and having toiled across the valley, just as we reach the corner of the field, panting with certainty of our prey, the birds, with one consent, mount into the air, only a few yards out of gun-shot, and return into the hedge of the same stubble-field from whence they were originally driven. Now, hope suggests, that being in the cover of the hedge, the partridges will rise at one time, and yield us glorious sport: full of this idea, we return with redoubled ardour the same way by which we came, and though we now ascend at every step, the way seems shorter in proportion to our prospect of success. At length behold us on opposite sides of the hedge in which we know our game is lodged; Sancho is on 'em! Fop winds 'em too! and now, with that palpitation which only a keen sportsman can comprehend, we gently beat the bush; and forth from either side part of the covey rushes. My friend (who seldom misses a fair shot) kills his bird. But I, whether from too much eagerness, or too little practice, shoot behind my mark, and plainly discover, the moment I have fired, why I have not succeeded; but there is no time for recollection, much less for disappointment; for there are more birds left. Sancho is stiffened at the hedge, a few yards distant. *In extreme haste* my gun is charged again, and I move on with pleasing trepidation; the partridge whirrs from the pointer's nose, and I take more certain aim, but drawing the trigger, I discover that in my haste I had forgot to *prime*. Now, with my eyes only, I pursue the happy fugitive; and this so occupies my thoughts, that disappointment cannot find admittance; besides, I exult in the reflection, that had my piece gone off, I should most certainly have killed my bird; and while I am engaged in exultation and in priming, the remainder of the covey takes wing, and points the direction we must follow. We now proceed, beating each field with unrelaxed diligence: we try swathe oats, or wheat or barley stubbles, then look whether the clover or turnips are more likely; in short, each piece of land we enter gives fresh hopes; we are sure they must be there; but having beat this field, and that, in vain, we have better founded hopes of finding in the next adjoining; nor does expectation droop beneath repeated disappointment. At length the dogs *are certain* in the turnips, and we approach with ardour, heightened by delay; 'tis now a sportsman only can relish what I feel; the dogs stand immovable as blocks of stone, and the heart beats with rapture at the approaching moment, while I cautiously examine whether I *have primed or not.*

At length a partridge rises with a rustling noise, and spreads his wings; my well-aimed gun quickly stops him in his flight, and kills him on the spot. This is a moment which a novice in the field would think the highest pitch of joy—but he is mistaken; the pleasure ceases with the victory; the lifeless animal is negligently thrown into the bag, and all the eagerness of hasty charging is repeated, lest other birds should rise before I am prepared.

Thus the happiness of sporting, like every other object, is more in expectation than enjoyment; and having confined my illustration to the

the country gentleman or sportsman, let not those who never drew a trigger at a partridge presume to judge of extasies which they may think over-rated; but let them remember, that *energy*, even in trifles, is necessary to constitute felicity in active minds; and that he who seeks happiness with indifference, in any pursuit of life, will never find it; he must be in earnest, whatever he undertakes, and "what he does he must do heartily."—I am, &c. J. J. B.

October 7.

ON THE
TRUE INTERPRETATION OF THE GAME LAWS.

THE following is copied from that celebrated sporting Paper, the *York Herald*, to which we are occasionally indebted for articles of real information, &c.

"MR. EDITOR,

"In the columns of your widely circulating and intelligent Paper, I some time since noticed the following

'CAUTION. — Several persons have lately been served with Exchequer writs, for being in pursuit of game without license or qualification. As this process is exceedingly expensive, it must be ruinous to those who imprudently render themselves subject to it; and it has been determined by the Judge, that every one who is out with hounds or greyhounds, *as partakers of the sport*, without a certificate, *although in company with a qualified man*, is liable (on information) to a prosecution by the Attorney-General. None but menial servants, attending their masters, are exempt from the penalty.'

"At the first distribution of things, as mentioned in the sacred writings, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man 'dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth.'—As this appears to have been a *general* and *unqualified* donation, it is natural to imagine that it was meant to extend to all mankind alike, without any preference or exclusive right in one man more than another. With respect to the *propriety* of the provisions and innumerable restrictions introduced by the municipal laws of England, with regard to those who are entitled or forbidden to pursue game, I am silent, for it ill becomes an individual, whatever may be his opinion, to arraign the justice of laws, which the wisdom of successive ages or parliaments has thought it expedient to provide and confirm. However, I hope I may be permitted to observe, how much the preceding *Caution* is contrary to the opinion of the great Lord Mansfield, who decided, that 'an *unqualified* man may go out to beat the bushes, hedges, &c. with a *qualified* person, and to *see the game pursued or destroyed*, provided the unqualified man has no gun or other engine with him for destruction of the game, *without being subject to penalty*.'

"You will find it to have been determined by his Lordship in the case of the *King* and *Newman*, (Loft's Reports, 178) that a Magistrate is even liable to an information for convicting persons, though *unqualified*, for being out sporting with a *qualified* person, where the dogs are not their own: Lord Mansfield conceiving (clearly) that

that a gentleman might take others out with him to '*beat the bushes, or see a hare killed.*'

"The present Lord Ellenborough, too, in the case of *Molton and Rogers*, (4 Esp. 216) held, that every man was not to be considered a sportsman who merely *participates* in the sport; for if that was so, (said his Lordship) no man, unless qualified, could *join* in the sports of the field, nor bring a *servant* with him. He must, therefore, to subject him to the penalties, be himself a *principal*, such as the owner of the dogs; and his Lordship even held, that though the dogs might be the *defendant's*, yet if they were *lent to the qualified person*, and the defendant was only *partaking* in the sport, he was not liable to the penalty for not producing his certificate to kill game.

"There is also a case in 2 East, 572, wherein it was argued, that under the Game Laws, *if one person be qualified* who is in company with others, that circumstance will protect the others acting in aid of him; which was not controverted.

"It is therefore decidedly clear to me, (for want of references to the judicial reasons alluded to in the Caution) that Lord Mansfield's doctrine on this subject remains unshaken, and that therefore any gentleman (who is *qualified*) may take out his tenants, or any unqualified person, with him, (when he goes out a coursing or hunting) to enjoy the sports of the field. It may be fairly asked, who can be better entitled to such an indulgence than the man who feeds and protects the game, and he on whose farm it is nourished and supported? Besides, if this was not the law, what would become of the famous Malton Coursing Meeting, and all the great Hunting and Coursing Meetings in the kingdom?

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"MARM. PRICKETT, Jun.

"*The Cottage, Burlington, Sept.* 1, 1808."

COURT-MARTIAL ON CAPTAIN HEWETSON.

GENERAL ORDER.

AT a General Court-Martial, held at Canterbury, on the 25th of May, 1808, and continued by adjournments to the 11th of June following, Captain George Hewetson, of the 2d battalion of the 9th Regiment, was arraigned upon the following charges; viz.

1st Charge. "For having, in direct disobedience of his Majesty's orders, to the prejudice of good order and discipline, while doing the duty of Quarter-Master to the 2d battalion of the 9th Regiment of Foot, made for his own private advantage, the following scandalous and unwarrantable charges to the non-commissioned Officers and soldiers of the said regiment, in articles of necessaries and appointments, in the manner, and at the times and places, hereafter specified, being conduct highly unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman; viz. at Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, between the 25th of April and 21st of June, 1807, in the furnishing of about 123 pairs of breeches at 8s. per pair, 155 pairs of leggings, at 5s. per pair, and 169 foraging caps at 2s. 6d. each, the cloth and making up of which articles having cost the said Captain Hewetson about 84l. 3s. 6d. whereby an undue profit

fit accrued to the said Captain Hewetson of 23l. 12s. the regulated price, by his Majesty's Warrant, being for breeches 6s. 6d. per pair, leggings 4s. per pair, and foraging caps 1s. 3d. each. At Chelmsford, in Essex, about 177 pairs of breeches at 9s. per pair, 185 pairs of leggings at 5s. per pair, and 242 foraging caps at 2s. 6d. each, the cloth and making up which articles cost the said Captain Hewetson about 114l. 13s. 10d. whereby an undue profit of about 41l. 9s. 2d. accrued to the said Captain Hewetson, the regulated price of his Majesty's Warrant being for breeches 6s. 6d. per pair, leggings 4s. per pair, foraging caps 1s. 3d. each. At Shorncliffe Barracks, in Kent, 67 pairs of breeches at 8s. per pair, 73 pairs of leggings at 5s. per pair, 104 foraging caps at 2s. 6d. each, the cloth and making up of which articles having cost the said Captain Hewetson about 45l. 0s. 10d. whereby an undue profit of about 13l. 1s. 2d. accrued to the said Captain Hewetson, the regulated price, by his Majesty's Warrant, being for breeches 6s. 6d. per pair, leggings 4s. per pair, foraging caps 1s. 3d. each."

2d Charge. "For scandalous and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman, in taking from the regimental store of the battalion, articles of clothing and appointments belonging to the Colonel of the said battalion, in the quantity and at the periods hereafter specified, and for having charged the same exorbitant prices to the soldiers; viz. at Burton-upon-Trent, on or about the 14th of June, 1807, 12 pairs of shoes, for which he, Captain Hewetson, charged the soldiers of his company at the rate of 9s. per pair, the clothier's price to the Colonel being 6s. 9d. not having accounted to the Colonel, or in any way made known his having taken away the said shoes for his own private advantage. At Chelmsford, in Essex, between the 5th of July and 18th of September, 1807, in taking from the Regimental Stores 26 regimental caps, which he, Captain Hewetson, afterwards furnished as his own property to the volunteers from the Militia, at 5s. 5d. each, he not having accounted to the Colonel for the said caps, excepting as so many caps issued with the clothing of the battalion for the year 1807."

3d Charge. "For scandalous and infamous conduct, highly unbecoming the character of an Officer and a gentleman, at Shorncliffe, in Kent, in the month of October last, in charging carriage on sundry articles of regimental appointments as hereafter specified, which articles were sent to the regiment free of all expence, thereby defrauding the soldiers; viz. knapsacks at 1½d. each, great coat slings 2d. each, queues at ½d. each."

4th Charge. "For scandalous and infamous conduct, highly unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman, in having, about the month of December last, when he delivered over the Regimental Stores to the present Quartermaster, taken therefrom, for his own private use and advantage, four yards of breeches cloth, and made up the same as necessaries for the men, knowing it was part of the clothing of the Regiment, and also in having made use of a few yards of yellow cloth, found at the public expence, in putting collars to the waistcoats of his own company, and charging the soldiers at the rate of 9½d. for each collar."

5th Charge. "For scandalous and

and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman, in having produced to the Commanding Officer for signature, a false account of the expenditure of the half-yearly Ordnance allowance, for the providing of oil, emery, turnscrews, &c. to December last, well knowing that the amount had not been expended in conformity to his Majesty's Regulations."

Upon which Charges the Court came to the following decision :—

The Court having most maturely deliberated upon, weighed, and considered, the whole of the evidence and matter that has been adduced, both in support of the prosecution and the defence, is of opinion, that the prisoner, Captain George Hewetson, of the 9th Regiment of Foot, is Guilty in part of the First Charge preferred against him, as it appears to the Court, that overcharges for all the articles issued to the soldiers of the regiment at Burton, Chelmsford, and Shorncliffe, have been made by the Prisoner, although the Court hath not been able to ascertain the exact amount.

The Court is also of opinion, that he, the said Captain George Hewetson, is Guilty of the whole of the Second and of the Third Charges exhibited against him, and likewise of the first part of the Fourth Charge, relative to four yards of breeches cloth taken from the Stores, and made up as necessaries for the men, knowing it to be a part of the clothing of the regiment; but the Court doth acquit him of the second part of the Fourth Charge, relative to a few yards of yellow cloth, because it appears to the Court, that he, Captain Hewetson, had Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron's permission to use the said yellow cloth, though under a positive injunction to return an equal quantity to the Stores, for not having done which, in due time, the Court considers the Prisoner highly culpable.

The Court is further of opinion, that the Prisoner is Guilty of the Fifth Charge alledged against him; and in consideration of the degree of criminality that attaches to his conduct, the Court doth sentence him, the aforesaid Captain George Hewetson—*To be dismissed from his Majesty's service.*

The Court, at the same time, is anxious to express how painful it feels the necessity of awarding this punishment against Captain Hewetson, of whose former good character and conduct, both as an Officer and a Gentleman, the Court hath received so many very highly favourable testimonies.

His Majesty having been pleased to confirm the opinion and sentence of the Court, his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief directs that the foregoing charges, together with the sentence of the Court, shall be read at the head of every regiment, and inserted in the Orderly Books.

(Signed) HARRY CALVERT,
Adj.-Gen. of the Forces.

Horse Guards, 20th Sept. 1808.

SINGLE-STICK AND WRESTLING.

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
"When once destroy'd can never be supplied."
GOLDSMITH.

OF all our ancient martial games, once the pride and delight of knights and damsels, but two have remained to our time—single-stick and wrestling, and these, if the mistaken policy of many of our magistrates

magistrates is persevered in, will not long survive. Whenever these pastimes, as they are called by the Berkshire peasantry, are announced, a breach of the peace is apprehended; the sub-officers of justice are put in motion (at least in the neighbourhood of the metropolis), and by menace, or by force, the play is prevented. I presume to question the propriety of this conduct from the following considerations:—

In spite of the predilection for the arts of peace which obtains in this country, the fall of empires and proscription of commerce on the continent have forced us to acknowledge, that to enjoy our commerce, and its fruits, we must possess brave soldiers and industrious manufacturers: and no one who has considered the subject will deny, that the exhibitions of single-stick, the art of self-defence, have a great tendency to this desideratum, as they generate a martial ardour both in the players and spectators.

In the proportion that this ardour is fanned, and felt amongst the populace, a greater or less proportion of true military spirit will be received with it into our army and navy, and our dragoons and boarders feel more confidence in themselves; of whom the latter, particularly, are nearly as little acquainted with the use of the broad-sword, their most effective weapon in boarding, as with the bow and arrow; which is the true reason of the capture of so many of our armed vessels this war in the West Indies, where calms so frequently permit the enemy to lay them aboard.

With the utility of wrestling I was forcibly struck, when reading in the Guardian, No. 133, the remarkable duel in 1613, between Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville.

On these accounts, and believing that the greater the quantum of martial spirit possessed by, and the more contented our population, the more secure our property and stable our empire, I contend that these lawful* exercises should receive every encouragement; and cannot but think the magistracy would be as much revered, and more beloved, did they meddle less with the sports and recreations of the lower classes, or interfere only to make their holidays more happy.

THE SAILORS IN DRINK.

A DIALOGUE.

Old Grog.

"KING George, and our wooden walls, for ever, I say.—Smite my glims, but there are as pretty lads in our navy, as ever fought yard-arm and yard-arm; true game chicks.—The Dons remember a Drake; the French remember Nelson, and the little hearty cock YEO is one of the true breed; shiver my timbers if I can forget Muros Bay; the story warms my old heart. Suppose I am half seas over, ar'nt the Spaniards and French nearly all gone? here goes another can of flip."

Tom Marlinspike.—"Avast there, what are ye at, Old Grog? you'll bulge your hulk, unship your compass, steer out of your latitude,

* An Act was passed to encourage these and other like diversions, in the reign of James I.

and

and then they'll make a yellow Admiral of you.—Here's Sally Stretchum coming; she'll fire a volley, and you know she is a good one at great guns."

Old Grog.—" Well, brother; and what of all that? What care I for Sall? If I do get bilged and yellowed, is'nt it all for the good of the service?—Talking of drinking and smoking, puts me in mind of my poor old Moll.—Moll was a true-hearted girl, only she would now and then get rocky, and would sooner reel than steer steady; her tongue put me in mind of the perpetual motion. I was one day brewing some grog, as we say, when Polly bore down upon me like a pirate, made a prize of it, and was swigging the stuff like a boatswain—' Polly, my jewel,' says I, ' don't drink—its a medicine, child.' ' So much the better,' says she, and up went the pot.—' My dear girl, you'll leave the King's picture dry at the bottom.' ' Bless him,' says she, ' I long to look at his sweet face.'—Up went the pot again—' My dear creature don't drink any more, the Devil is in the pot.'—' I defy the Devil,' said she, ' and all his works.' So she swallowed the whole, and then made sail for her cabin."

Here a London Gazette being brought in, and the health of a Commander who had fallen proposed,

Old Grog resumed—" Shan't we drink him too, with three cheers? Only think how it happens, that I always get drunk on such days as these, and so, too, on the blessed birth-day of the King! D—me, but I shan't be able to steer. When I think on't, I am always becalmed with sorrow for brave Nelson, and overset with grog in drinking to his memory.—I am now almost on my beam-ends; its hazy weather; I'm out of my latitude, and as I can't sail, I'll heave to; and so, messmates, I'll clap my helm hard a-weather, and bear away for my hammock, and the next watch I shall be as fresh as ever. I say again, " King George and our wooden walls for ever!"

AMUSEMENTS AND GAMES

AMONG THE

ANGLO SAXONS.

AS persons of rank and fortune among the Anglo-Saxons never engaged in business, and were in a great degree incapacitated from the amusement of reading, they necessarily spent much of their time in diversions, &c. These were of three kinds, martial exercise, the sports of the field, and domestic amusements. Horse-racing may likewise be reckoned one of the amusements of the English at this period; as we are told, among the magnificent presents that were made to King Athelstan by Adulphus, Ambassador of Hugh, King of France, when he demanded his sister, the Princess Edelswitha, for his master, " were several running-horses, with their saddles, and bits of yellow gold in their mouths;" a sufficient proof that such horses were admired and used in England at that time.

In the sports of the field, however, we find that the great men of that time took the same care that they do now, that their inferiors should not share with them in the pleasure of these amusements. Of this we have the clearest evidence in the forest or game laws of *Canute the Great*, which are still extant,

tant. By these laws, certain magistrates or judges are appointed to take cognisance of all trespasses committed within the limits of the royal forests, and certain inferior officers or game-keepers are constituted to apprehend those who were guilty of such trespass. Thanes, bishops, and abbots, are permitted to hunt in the King's chases, but the penalties and punishments inflicted on unqualified persons who were guilty of hunting or even disturbing the game, are very severe. By one of those laws, if a gentleman or inferior thane, killed a stag in a royal forest, he was degraded, and deprived of his arms; if a creole killed one, he was reduced to slavery; and if a slave killed one, he was put to death. By another of these laws, all proprietors of estates are declared to have a right to hunt within their own lands, but not to pursue their game into any of the royal chases.

The ancestors of Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, were so immoderately fond of gaming, that after having lost their money and goods, they would often venture their very persons and liberties, on one desperate throw; would tamely submit to servitude, though younger and stronger than their antagonists, and suffer themselves to be publicly sold in the market-place. Yet this extravagant and infamous conduct they called *honour*, as we attempt to dignify duelling, and other extravagant and immoral practices, with the same epithet. We have good reason to believe, that gaming subsisted among their descendants, the Anglo-Saxons, though perhaps not in such an extreme degree, as the church discouraged games of chance, and prohibited the use of them under very severe penalties.

When Bishop Ætheric obtained admission to Canute the Great upon some urgent business, he found the King and his courtiers engaged at play, some at dice, and others at chess. And when a young nobleman applied to a father for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, it is said, he commonly made a trial of his temper, by playing with him at dice or chess, before he gave him his answer.

The game of back-gammon, (as we find in the Glossary to the Welch Laws) was invented in Wales about this period, and derives its name from two Welch words, *bach* (little) and *cammon* (battle).

THE DOGS OF THE ALPS.

THE AFFECTION AND INSTINCT OF OTHERS.

(From the French.)

WHAT attachment, (says a French writer) can be compared with that of the dog, seen by all Paris, in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetery of the *Innocents?* In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains; nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city; but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where, exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants who resided near the spot, touched with the perse-

verance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly heroical.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event. An inhabitant of the city died: his dog followed him to the church-yard, and lay upon his tomb: food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a dog-house was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years, without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief.—(*See Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la Nature; Paris* 1770, *tom. II. p.* 103.)

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog developes all the superiority of its instinct—there are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps, a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The monks of Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais, as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, and bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white, with black spots round the ears; and others, which are smaller and of a fawn-colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body, approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch-dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock, the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example, as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the public by M. Peret, jun. in the *Journal du Physique*, for the month of August, 1770.

In the month of July, 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones: she was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days, that one of them was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live; but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others; and it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs, (for so she was called) had considerable resemblance to the

the wolf-dog, but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour: she often carried her ears erect; her tail was a good deal like that of the fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approach towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with: she then proceeded with considerable velocity, by successive leaps and springs: but this constrained progression fatigued her very much; her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground, and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If *Two-legs* heard any noise, she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

H. F. G.

A WEEK's JOURNAL OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

Monday.

WE opened the House with the Tragedy of the *Distressed Mother*; I played *Orestes*.—Our dresses and scenery rather out of repair, which gave a gentleman occasion to remark, that it would have been more *a-propos* had we advertised the play by the title of *The Distressed Family*.

Tuesday.—Played *George Barnwell*; part of the audience wanted me hanged: Afterwards did the *Watchman* and the *Bailiff*, in the *Apprentice*.—Shared thirteen-pence three farthings.

Wednesday.—Played *Iachimo*, in *Cymbeline*; my arm almost broken by being put in too small a chest. The Farce, the *Register Office*—played *Gulwell*.—Shared one shilling.

Thursday.—Doubled the *Ghost* and *Rosencrantz*, in *Hamlet*; and afterwards played *Mags*, in *The Devil of a Duke*. A gentleman affronted me by saying, I was *The Devil of a Conjuror*.—Shared One shilling and six-pence, and for the first time took my two bits of candle.

Friday.—I played *Macduff*, and two or three other parts in *Macbeth*. One of the Witches being drunk, we were obliged to make shift with two. The Farce, *Miss in her Teens*; I was *Fribble*; and the house barber having gone off in a pet because I could not pay him his week's bill, I was obliged to go on without my hair being dressed. Shared ten-pence, and candle.

Saturday.—*The Orphan*; the Manager had taken *Castalio* himself, and insisted on my playing *Acasto*. An ignorant country fellow, introduced only to support *Acasto* in the third act, standing on the stage, when I asked, "Where are all my friends?" answered, "Sir, they are at the George, over a mug of ale." We afterwards had the *Padlock*, without music; I played *Mungo*, and never felt any

 thing

thing half so much as the favourite air, " I wish to my heart me was dead!"

THE GOMEDHA JUG;

OR, SACRIFICE OF THE BULL.

From Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

THE Gomedha Jug they might probably derive from the same source (the Heetopades), since we are told by Xenophon, that the bull, in Persia, was likewise sacred to the sun. This species of sacrifice, however, cannot be easily reconciled with their present enthusiastic and general attachment to that class of animals; so general and enthusiastic, that throughout India, to kill one of these sacred animals (bulls) is a crime that can only be expiated by the instant death of the offender. There is a beautiful engraving taken from an ancient sculpture in marble, and inserted in the curious and valuable collection of Montfaucon, which is so highly illustrative of the Gomedha sacrifice, that I cannot refrain from presenting the reader with a short description of a part of it, as well as of another or two in Dr. Hyde's very learned work, on the Religion of the ancient Persians, which will still further elucidate the present obscure subject.

The reader will, perhaps, be astonished to hear, that the Persians, who were of all nations most addicted to this species of superstition, chose to perform their adorations to that deity, in deep caverns, and gloomy recesses. The deeper those caverns, the more gloomy those recesses, to a sublimer point of elevation mounted the zeal of their devotion. The reason for adopting a conduct so apparently incongruous, seems to be, that all the mysteries of religion celebrated in the ancient world, were performed in the bosom of darkness, and in the dead silence of night. Lactantius says, the Persians worshipped the sun in dens and caves, to *denote the eclipses of that luminary*. Around these caverns were arranged various symbols of the sun and planetary train, with sculptures of the animals that composed the signs of the zodiac. In this artificial planisphere was pourtrayed the constellation of Taurus, or the bull, and the bas-relief represents a person in the full vigour of youth, adorned with a tiara, worn by the Mithratic priests in the sacrifices, with a loose tunic floating in the air, pressing to the ground with his knee a struggling bull, extended beneath him; and while he holds him muzzled with his left hand, with his right he is in the act of plunging a dagger into his throat.

Some writers have doubted whether this action of cutting the throat of the bull is allusive to a real sacrifice. The following lines occur in Statius, which Mr. Maurice gives in the ensuing paraphrase:—

Persei sub rupibus antri,
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.

" In Persia's hallow'd caves, the Lord of Day,
Pours through the central gloom his fervid ray;
High wrought in burnish'd gold the zodiac shines,
And Mithra toils through all the blazing signs.
See, rising pale, from winter's drear domain,
The radiant youth resumes his vernal reign:

With

With sinewy arm, reluctant Taurus tames,
Beams with new grace, and darts severer flames."

In the celebrated work of Hyde, upon the Religion of the Ancient Persians, there are two other plates, illustrative of the Mithratic rites:—in one of them an elevated figure, decorated with a high tiara, stands erect upon the bull, with one foot placed upon his head, and the other centered upon his back; his right hand grasps a *dagger*, his left supports a *globe*. The perpetual recurrence of the bull in the attitude of prostration, upon all those bas-reliefs, plainly manifest that the bull, not less than the horse, was sacred to the sun in Persia, and also from what source the Gomedha Jug of India, in all probability, originated.

MODERN FASHION DEFINED.

FASHION is a varnish, much used for the purpose of creating a false gloss. It is, like most other varnishes, of a poisonous nature, and produces the strongest effects upon the unhappy persons that use it. It causes them to go to bed when the sun rises, and to take an airing at midnight. It makes the ladies suppose they are full-dressed, when they are half-naked. It occasions the gentry to come to town for the winter, when the lovely spring of nature smiles in all her charms; and to go in the country for the purpose of enjoying the summer, just as the fall of the leaf gives notice of the approach of winter. It makes them do many things that are extremely painful to them, which they call taking their pleasure, and it deters them from the pursuit of heart-felt enjoyments, from a dread of their petrifying dulness. At length it deprives them of the power of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, reasoning, or deciding for themselves, and compels them to see, hear, taste, feel, reason, and decide, as other persons do.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

(Continued from page 220 of our last Vol.)

OUR mutual reserve increased, and the conversation at last became so insipid and trifling, that the monosyllables in which it chiefly consisted seemed to be rather an attempt to conceal a yawn, and keep ourselves awake, than any thing else.

One of the gentlemen fixed his eyes upon a picture, and the other walked slowly up and down the room, and adjusted his cravat or the frill of his shirt, although they were both in the nicest order; and my looks were rivetted on the dark clouds, (those emblems of my mind) that were gathering in the sky, with inward discontent; and I wished myself at home, or at my friend Thompson's.

If the communication of ideas cannot unite the minds of men, who knows if a pinch of snuff may not be able to do so!—were probably the walking gentleman's thoughts, when he presented his box to me.—My refusal was accompanied with a profound bow; but at that very instant the thought darted like lightning across my mind, that there was a possibility of his misconstruing

struing my declining his offer into an offence, and made me stretch out my hand to accept it.

He had shut his snuff-box, but opened it again, and offered it to me. I had in the mean while withdrawn my hand. I bowed just as I had done before, and raised my hand the second time, exactly in the same manner as I had done the first, at the moment he drew his back. He made another attempt, I did the same, but neither of us succeeded; and the ridiculous motion of our hands was a striking picture of our vain endeavour to entertain and be useful to each other; for each of us wished to do so, but neither of us could devise the proper means of doing what he intended.

Nor did I even succeed in my attempt to attain the pinch of snuff; for whilst the old gentleman and I were engaged in the manner just described, a servant entered, and informed me that the Duke desired I would come to him. I felt like a young parson who hears the bells ring for church the first time he is going to preach, and followed the footman with a palpitating heart, and the renewed determination to act and speak with becoming courage and presence of mind. Perhaps I should have succeeded in doing so, for the Duke's affable humane countenance inspired me with confidence as well as respect, if I had not stumbled, and nearly fallen on the dry-rubbed floor of the room the Duke was in, the moment I set my foot upon it.

"Take care how you walk," said the Duke, "for the floor is slippery." I unfortunately, at that moment, remembered the resolution I had formed of speaking my mind freely and without reserve, and therefore replied, without the least hesitation—"Your highness is perfectly in the right. Courts are generally slippery places!"

"That may be," returned the Duke, without seeming to notice the true meaning of my words; "but it is not my fault; it is my servants who polish the boards, and custom enables us to walk on them without stumbling."

This answer, and the apprehension I justly felt that he might think what I said trite and rude, threw me into a panic; and I was as confused as an actor, who forgets himself in the midst of his part, and felt just as stupid and awkward as I had done in the other room.

"You are the author of several excellent performances?" continued the Duke, after a pause.

"Yes, your highness," replied I, with a low bow: the Duke smiled.

That was foolish of me again, said I to myself; but I did not intend to say what I had written was excellent, I only meant to avow myself the author of them. Had I been less embarrassed than I really was at the time, I should have found it rather difficult to give the Duke a proper answer to what he said; for a good deal of keenness is necessary to enable a person, who is speaking to a stranger, and one who is greatly his superior, to give a proper reply to a question, which we must assent and deny at the same time. My courage and firmness entirely forsook me, and all my efforts to regain my usual equanimity proved ineffectual; nor was it in my power to utter one of the many sentences that I had framed with so much care and reflection in my own mind, whilst I was dressing.

I then set it down as a certainty that the Duke would name my book of devotion, which would give me an opportunity of making several moral and religious observations;

vations; and to them I meant to annex, as the first step towards the improvement of the minds of the lower classes of the people, an amendment in the public and charity schools. But the Duke did not make the least mention of that work, and instead of doing so, enquired, with seeming interest, if I did not soon intend to publish something new? That question led me into the same error that I had so lately committed; for I was sometimes too circumstantial, and at others too concise.

At one moment I mentioned every circumstance relating to my next publication, with as much precision as if I was talking to the editor; and then, recollecting myself that doing so was improper, I the next minute spoke of my manuscript in such general terms as if the Duke had copied it.

This inconsistency in my behaviour, and some ill-chosen expressions, as well as two or three familiar terms that escaped me, and which I unfortunately felt the impropriety of the moment I had uttered them, increased my confusion. I am certain my face must have glowed as if I had been standing near a furnace; my hands trembled, large drops of sweat trickled down my forehead and cheeks, and I pressed my toes so close together, that they pained me as much as if they had been pinched by tight shoes.

The Duke seemed to perceive and pity the uncomfortable situation I was in, and which every moment became more painful. His questions were fewer and more studied, and my perturbation and wish for deliverance increased to the highest pitch. An attendant at last entered, and said something to the Duke, but the words "just arrived" were all I understood. The Duke bowed to me in a polite and gracious manner, and hastily left the room with the servant.

That which I had the moment before so fervently prayed for was granted, for I stood alone in the midst of the room. A deep sigh escaped me; I wiped my forehead, fanned myself with my pocket handkerchief, and reproached myself for my stupidity and awkwardness. Why did I not reflect at the time how I should feel, and in what light I should be in the transactions of the last hour, in a day or two hence, and how I should be amused, and heartily laugh, at what had just vexed me? But it was not in my power to do so at that moment: besides, I had a certain dark presage, that my perplexing adventure was not concluded. I raised my eyes, and looked timidly round the lofty room: the sound of my footsteps made me start, and I did not know which way to go. I remembered the secretary had told me, that he would conduct me to the concert room as soon as my audience with the Duke was over, and that he was certain (if I was a judge of music) of my being delighted with the exquisite performance of the Duke's band. But how was it possible for a stranger, like me, to find the way to the concert-room, in such a large and intricate building as the castle was?

I crept along upon my toes as softly as possible, as if I was conscious of treading on forbidden ground, and not knowing which way to steer my course, went as chance directed. I passed through several rooms that I had never seen before, through various halls that were unknown to me, and along many passages, without knowing where

where they led to: sometimes I went forwards, and after advancing a considerable time, fancied I must be wrong, and turned back: sometimes I turned to the right, and at others to the left, without discovering a clue by which I could find my way out of the labyrinth I was in. Sometimes I ran as fast as my feet could carry me, and at others, stood as still as a post in the middle of a room, and after musing some time, I turned round, examined the four sides of it, peeped out of a window, strove to reconnoitre where I was, and thought and re-thought, without discovering any thing but what I knew before—that I had lost my way, and that I must endeavour to find it.—I then impatiently began my peregrination again, trod the paths that had before failed, and tried what I had just found vain; till at last, without knowing how I came there, I perceived I was in a wing of the castle, which, as my endeavours to find the staircase were ineffectual, increased rather than removed my difficulties.

I knocked at several doors without receiving an answer, and opened many without finding a single person, when, to my no small satisfaction, I at last came to one where I heard the sound of voices. I gently tapped at it, perhaps so gently that it was impossible for the persons in the room to hear me; but my impatience did not permit me to ask admittance a second time, for I opened the door, and popped my head into a room, where the appearance of a female head was as unwelcome as unexpected.

Two Abigails, (for I suppose they were so,) were busily employed in adorning themselves. One of them, who was half naked, screamed, and ran into a corner of the room, and I, not less terrified than she was, started back. The other, whose dress was finished, a very fine lady, with a pair of arch black eyes and vermillion cheeks, rushed forward, slammed the door in my face, and burst into a loud laugh, in which the other joined.

This was the first time in my life that I had ever heard myself laughed at; and to escape from the mortifying sound, I ran as fast, or perhaps faster, than many do to get clear of a bailiff. I at length came to a door that stood a-jar, and thinking that it might possibly lead to the stair case, I thrust it open, and bolted into a room, and ran through that into a third, that had no other door but the one I entered at. I turned back into a second room, which was a bed chamber, and locked about me. The bed was unmade; upon the pillow lay a greasy night-cap, and upon a chair a powdering-gown, that was a good deal the worse for the wear. Upon the table stood a wash-hand bason, with dirty water and combs, powder, pomatum, razors, shoes, stockings, buckles, tooth powder, brushes, and a number of other apparatus, of the same kind, lay huddled together in a very slovenly manner, which greatly lessened the high-flown ideas I entertained of the magnificence that I supposed reigned in every part of the palace, and restored my mind to some degree of tranquillity.

Was I not a fool, said I to myself, with my veneration, and the diffidence it caused! how absurd was the exalted opinion I had of others, and the too mean a one I entertained of myself! Am I not among mortals, who sleep, wash, and dress themselves the same as I do, and have not some of them a dirtier night cap, and raggeder morning

ing gown than mine?—Such were my reflections when the owner of the room I was in entered it, and perceiving a stranger, sprang towards me in a hasty and suspicious manner, with these words.

"What do you want in my room?"

I replied, with a profound obeisance, that I was looking for the concert room.

"The concert room!" exclaimed the man, in a passion. "The concert-room here! who are you, sir?—you hesitate!—ha! what's the meaning of this?"

I endeavoured to appease his wrath, and remove his suspicion of my being a thief, by telling him, as plainly as I could, which I suppose was unintelligible enough, who I was, and the reason of my straying into his room: my dress, my honest countenance, and white kid gloves, which I had not yet pulled off, seemed to convince him of my honesty, although he could not pardon my intrusion; and he told me, in a peevish, dissatisfied manner, the way to the concert room. I left him in a tremor, without having profited by his instructions, for his directions to turn to the right when I came to the little ball-room, and to the left as soon as I had passed the blue saloon, were useless to a poor fellow, who was so unpardonably stupid, as not to know where the little ball-room and blue saloon were.

Then I find, said I to myself, that there are people in palaces as well as in streets and cottages, who do not understand the art of giving a plain direction. And I began to grumble in my own mind, at the man's stupidity, when I recollected, that I had certainly that day given no great proofs of my own cleverness: and that I therefore ought not to judge others too hastily. A few moments after, I saw my friend the secretary at the end of the long gallery: I hastened to him: he expressed his surprise at finding me there, and told me that he was just going to the Duke's apartment to look for me: he returned with me, and opened a door that I had knocked at several times, without venturing to open it, which led to the stair-case, and on my telling him so, he laughed, and said, "Ay! ay! that's often the case; we frequently miss the right path, by our too great circumspection and fear of going wrong." He conducted me to a seat, and then left me.

To be continued.

MAJOR HOGAN—AND HIS PAMPHLET.

"Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti." *Juvenal.*

THE ancient author from whence the above line is taken tells us, that in his time, the best way of obtaining promotion in the army, was to have a letter of introduction to the god Mars from the goddess Venus. A modern author, whose work we are going to introduce to our readers, asserts, with what reason we cannot say, that this still continues to be the only method of obtaining commissions, even in the army of Great Britain— namely, having a commendatory epistle from some Venus or other, to the god above-mentioned, Mars, the god of armies.

Major Hogan has published his "Appeal to the Public; or Farewell Address to the Army:" and the importance of the subject at this time, (when the whole coun- try

try is smarting under the incapacity, misconduct, or something worse, of its General Officers, and when the cause of the gallant Spaniards might be ruined by it, if they did not possess more promptitude and energy than their allies) must serve as an apology for introducing it to our readers.

It appears from the pamphlet, that in May, 1805, Major Hogan presented a memorial to the Commander in Chief, wherein he stated, that he had been in the army upwards of 14 years, during half of which period he had served in the West Indies, and on other foreign stations: in consequence he requested that his Royal Highness would be graciously pleased to grant him promotion. The Major says, that before he presented his memorial, his money was lodged for purchase in any regiment, and that he had conformed to the Duke of York's regulations. He "sought no particular favour from his Royal Highness, but merely applied for that to which, according to the established practice of the army, and the ordinary routine of promotion, he was fully entitled." He accompanied his memorial with recommendatory letters from several General Officers, and referred the Duke for a knowledge of his character to Generals Fox, Floyd, Whyte, Dundas, Macdonald, Hall, Hay, Tilson, and Hamilton. An answer was returned to the memorial, of which the following is a copy:—

"*Horse-Guards, May* 30, 1805.

"SIR—"Having laid before the Commander in Chief your memorial of the 27th instant, with its inclosures herewith returned, I am directed to acquaint you, *that your name has been noted for promotion, and your claims will be considered on a favourable opportunity offering.*

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, J. W. GORDON.

"Capt. Hogan, 32d Foot."

From the 30th of May, 1805, to the 27th of August, 1807, repeated memorials to the same effect, and some of them advancing still stronger claims to national gratitude, were presented to his Royal Highness; and to these the same answer was universally returned, and in the same words. "The name of Captain Hogan has been noted for promotion, and will be duly considered as favourable opportunities offer."

On the last day specified above, namely, the 27th of August, the Major, impatient of procrastination, sickened with buffoonery, and stung with the vexation of endless disappointment, obtained an interview of his Royal Highness, when, to use his own words, "I submitted to his Royal Highness's recollection the long time I had been seeking for promotion, and begged him to take into consideration the nature of the circumstances under which I was recommended to his notice; particularly pressing upon his attention, that, in the course of the time I had been '*noted*' on his Royal Highness's list, upwards of forty Captains had been promoted without purchase, all of whom were junior to me in rank, and many of whom, indeed, were not in the army when I was a Captain. I added, almost literally, in these words:—'My applications for promotion have been made in the manner prescribed by the practice of the army and by the King's regulations, unfortunately without success. Other ways, please your Royal Highness, have been recommended to me; and frequent propositions have been made by those, who affected to possess the means of securing that object:—that for

600l. I could obtain a Majority without purchase, which is little more than half the sum I had lodged to purchase promotion in the regular course*. But I rejected such a proposition; for, even were such a thing possible, I should feel it unworthy of me, as a British Officer, and as a man, to own the King's commission to low intrigue or petticoat influence."

The Major at length finding that all hopes of promotion were now finally destroyed, sent in his resignation; and to the ensuing part of the Pamphlet we intreat the reader's attention. He was first informed, that "*Brevet-Major Hogan, on retiring from the service, can only be allowed to receive the sum which his commissions have cost him, and which appear to amount to 750l.*"

This letter is signed by J. W. Gordon; but it appears that Major Hogan's Commissions, instead of costing him the 750l. which Colonel Gordon was disposed to allow him, cost him fifteen hundred pounds, of which he is afterwards to be allowed 350l. as Colonel Gordon informs him, without specifying the cause, but which was for the purchase of his Ensigncy, which he was luckily able to prove, and the other four hundred pounds were still withheld from him; "because it did not appear by the War-office books he had purchased his Captain-Lieutenancy." These four hundred pounds become the subject of a very singular incident, which we shall give in Major Hogan's own words, and which will command attention, and kindle indignation too, in those who have their country's honour at heart.

"It may be said, and it has been told me, that I shall do no good by this publication;—that I shall procure no redress either for myself or others. For myself, I have nothing now to expect; but for the sake of others, in whose fate my interest is augmented by the treatment I have myself experienced, I shall leave no effort untried.

"As some proof that I am known to possess materials that are calculated to excite alarm amongst those who must recollect their own acts, and, if they are at all sensible, must be fully conscious of their objectionable character, I have to state the following extraordinary fact!—About dusk on the evening of the first day my advertisement appeared, a Lady in a dashing barouche, with two footmen, called at the newspaper office for my address. She must be, no doubt, one of the vulnerable corps, or their agent; as upon the following evening at my lodging, the waiter delivered me a letter, which I opened in the presence of four Gentlemen, whose attestation to the fact appears below. The following is a copy of the letter:—

"SIR,—The inclosed will answer for the deficit of which you complain, and which was not allowed you through *mere oversight*. I hope this will prevent the publication of your intended pamphlet; and if it does, you may rely on a better situation than the one you had. When I find that you have given up all ideas of opening your *secrets* to public view, which would hurt you with all the Royal Family, I shall make myself known to you, and shall be happy in your future acquaintance and friendship; by which, I promise you, you will

* The money paid by the regular course goes into a public fund, which is not tangible by any public officer for private purposes, but the private *douceur* is wholly applicable to such purposes.

reap much benefit. If you will recal the advertisement, you shall hear from me; and your claims shall be rewarded as they deserve.

'Saturday, Aug. 27, 1808.

'*Major Hogan.*'

'We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that we were present when Major Hogan opened this letter, and inclosure, containing four bank-notes, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

'JOHN DANIEL, late Capt. 17th Lt. Drgs.
'IRENEAS MOE.
'HENRY WHEAT, Lieut. 32d Regiment.
'LEWIS GASQUET, late Lieut. 20th Lt. Drgs.

'*Franks's Coffee-house.*'

'I do hereby certify, that this letter was delivered to me at the door by a lady, *who particularly desired me* to be careful to give it to Major Hogan, and instantly went away: it was dusk at the time: I returned into the coffee-house, and delivered the letter.

'GEORGE FOZED, Waiter, Franks's Coffee-house.'

"But such expedients shall have no effect upon the resolutions of

"D. HOGAN.

"*Franks's Hotel,* 3, *Brook-street, Sept.* 2, 1808."

"P. S. The person who inclosed the 400l. not having left any address, I cannot ascertain to whom I am to return that sum; but if the numbers of the notes received are sent to No. 14, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, the money will be returned. D. H."

It may be naturally asked, what possible motive could exist any where, for thus treating a brave and active Officer, and as we likewise learn a most worthy man: a farther extract from the Pamphlet will perhaps satisfy this inquiry:—

"It has been often observed to me by *connoisseurs,* that I should have had no reason to complain, if I had proceeded in the *proper way* to seek promotion. But what is meant by the *proper way?* I applied to the Duke of York, because he was Commander-in-Chief. To his Royal Highness I was directed by the King's orders to apply; and with these orders alone I felt it consistent with my duty as an Officer, and my honour as a Gentleman, to comply. But if any other person had been the substitute of the Duke of York, I should have made my application to that person. If a *Cooke,* a *Creswell,* a *Clarke,* a *Sinclair* or a *Carey,* or any other name, had been invested by his Majesty with the office of Commander-in-Chief, to that person I should have applied: nay, if it were possible that the *direct command* of the army could be conferred on a female, I should have done my duty, in applying to the legal depositary of power: but to none other should I condescend to apply; for I scorn undue influence, and feel incapable of enjoying any object, however intrinsically valuable, that should be procured by such means."

Who these persons, Cooke, Clarke, Carey, &c. &c. &c. may be, we cannot say, but we should suppose them to be some Generals of whom we have never heard, but a number of which kind of great Generals have been usually employed of late, to the *great* honour of their country, and glory of its arms.

It will be pretty obvious from this, and other pamphlets—indeed it has long been so, from the general abortive fate of our military expeditions—that the whole state of the army requires a radical and fundamental reform. The nation is universally discontented with it.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

AN elderly citizen, whose table abounded with game of every description in the season, being asked by a dashing genius, who squandered hundreds every year in field sports, how the d—l he contrived to be so well supplied, who never fired a shot, answered very drily, "I send my guinea to market, and that's *as sure as a gun*."

A BLOOMING girl of *eighteen* was lately married, in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, to an amorous swain of *seventy*; and just as the happy pair were leaving the church, the bride, whispering in the parson's ear, facetiously observed, "It will not be long, Sir, before I bring him again!"

A PERSON of rank, and of chemical and mechanical celebrity, but distinguished for a total *indifference* to religion, was boasting one day, to a Clergyman, of the superior excellence of some *water-works* he had invented and constructed, and added, that after have been very useful to mankind (without the profession of religion), he hoped he should be very *comfortable* in the next world.—"Ah!" said the other, "if you mean to be comfortable there, you must take your *water-works* along with you!"

IN the recent batch of Baronets, is to be found a name well calculated for St. Stephen's Chapel: what can be more appropriate to a long debate, than "Sir SIT-WELL SIT-WELL?"

A YOUTH being extremely anxious to enter the *Army*, urged to his parents as a very cogent reason, that he was born in *March*!

IN the Church-yard of Ockham, Surrey, is a stone, over the grave of John Spong, a carpenter, on which is this punning epitaph:—

"Who many a sturdy Oak had laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, her lies *Spong*;
Posts oft he made, though he no *Place* could get,
And liv'd by *Railing*, though he was no *Wit*.
Old Saws he had, although no *Antiquarian*,
And *Styles* corrected, yet was no *Grammarian*."

A DASHING banker, while driving his barouche, was lately reminded of the probability of his own situation by a companion, who remarking the impetuosity of his horses, observed, that they no longer *answered the check*.

A NOISY *critic*, who is extremely obstreperous at the Theatres, was lately much abashed by a gentleman accosting him with—"Sir, upon the information of your tongue, I presume that you are a native of BARK-shire."

A *country youth*, being much troubled with *bashfulness*, was sent by his father to the metropolis, in order that he might make application at the Offices for *London Assurance*.

AN

An Irish Paper, in contradicting the report which stated, that Mr. Johnstone, the Actor, was among the number of those who perished in the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre, quotes the following passage of a letter from that gentleman to one of his friends in Dublin:—

"The feeling expressed by my friends in Ireland is but confirming the opinion I have had of their attachment to me being of the sincerest nature. I can only say that my love for my country, and my friends who inhabit there, can only end with my existence. *How happy ought I to be in my grave* to know *how much I shall be regretted!*"

A *Jew* was lately much discontented at a Police Office, by the Clerk inadvertently inquiring—"Pray, Sir, what may be your *Christian* Name?"

The *French*, it is said, although passionately fond of *dancing*, are by no means pleased with the *balls* given them by the *English*.

IN A CHURCH-YARD NEAR OXFORD.

HERE lie Father, Mother, and I,
And three Sisters dear;
They were buried at Heddington,
But I was buried here!

The late marriage of Mr. Cooke (the tragedian) and Miss Lamb, of Edinburgh, has given rise to several witticisms. One wag remarks, that the appetite of the former was certainly whetted by a quantity of *mint sauce.*—Another, under the supposition of matrimonial possibilities, has thus observed:

Should a certain fair damsel, attach'd to the stage,
Who has wedded an Actor, admir'd by the age,
Who virginity's joyless cold state has forsook,
And most cheerfully given the Lamb to the Cook,
Be neglected and scorn'd when the honeymoon's o'er,
(In wedlock such trifles have happened before)
Against the poor Wife will this sarcasm be hurl'd—
What could you expect from a "Man of the World?"

A prating fellow, having delivered his opinion of several persons very freely, was asked by a *sympathetic being* what he thought of him? "I think you are a *goose*," was the retort. —"He is completely *anser'd*," (*Anglice, goosed*) said a *Latinist* in company.

A Turkey Cock, the property of a Reverend Divine, in the North-West part of Yorkshire, lately strayed from his constant mate, and paid his devoirs to a rosy-combed female in a neighbouring farm-yard; complaint having been made of this transgression, the reverend owner ordered the offender to be slain, and entombed, feathers and all, declaring that not a feather of so flagitious an offender should be seen about *his* house; the order was accordingly executed, but at night the newly-created Sexton, a resurrection-man, we presume, *raised the dead*, and the day following regaled himself and his family on the *delinquent* turkey! This circumstance proves, that the race mentioned by the famous Barnaby Harrington, in the following couplets, is not yet extinct:—

"To Banbury came I, O prophane one,
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging of his Cat on *Monday*,
For killing of a Mouse on *Sunday*."

In a trial in Ireland some time ago, in which a miniature painter brought a civil action for assault and battery against a Baronet of crim. con.

con. celebrity, it appeared in the course of evidence that a lady of great beauty, and under the immediate *protection* of the gallant Baronet, had sat to the artist for her likeness; in the course of her sittings the painter, in his warm admiration of the works of nature, and his consequent eagerness to imitate them as justly as possible, had taken a few professional familiarities with his *original*, which the indignant fair one immediately communicated to her *protector*. The incensed Baronet (of Herculean mould) flew to avenge his *inamorata*, and in less than one sitting the face of the unfortunate Apelles exhibited in *striking colours* the dreadful effects of his " wak'd wrath." For this *rude sketch* the painter brought his action, and laid his damages at 500l. He was offered half the money on the morning of the trial, to stay proceedings, and a few hours after he refused it he consented to withdraw a Juror. In the course of the cross-examination he admitted he had put his arm round the lady's waist, but he saw no harm in that. " Perhaps, said Mr. Curran, (who, fortunately for the Baronet, was his counsel) perhaps, Sir, you took the *waist* for a *common*."

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE. — Our Hibernian neighbours, though sometimes eccentric, are in general very *significant* in their mode of expression, as the following short correspondence evinces :—

Letter—" Pay me what you owe me, or if you don't,

" LAURENCE O'NEALE."

Answer.—" I owe you nothing, or if I did— " TERENCE O'CONNOR."

A meeting was the immediate consequence.

A DEVIL of a Ghost.—A peasant lately nutting in Catsfield Great Wood, soon filled his wallet, which he put, as he thought, in a place of security, while he went to procure a farther supply to fill a satchel. Judge his alarm, when on returning he saw the devil seated on his wallet, clutched up, making such grimaces, and setting up such infernal yells, that the poor fellow bounded off like a deer, leaving his nuts to his infernal majesty. It was a negro, who, seeing what the countryman was about, in order to secure the prize, stripped himself naked, and acting as above described, exhibited a phenomenon, not less alarming than the Woolwich ghost. Mungo, of course, not only enjoyed the nuts, but the joke.

A COAT of Arms.—A merchant, who had acquired a large fortune in India, returned to England a short time since, to live in style. His carriage boasted all the magnificence of art, and his livery made a splendid appearance, but his shield had not been honoured with heraldic achievements. Amidst the enjoyment of his riches, he felt mortified at not being able to display any other ornament upon his pannels than the simple initials of his name. In order to remedy this inconvenience, he applied to the Heralds to make him armorial bearings. Being required to relate some valiant deed of arms performed by his ancestors, as the foundation of his new honours, he could only recollect that his great progenitor was a blacksmith, famous for his strength in throwing the sledge hammer. This he considered a *striking* deed of arms, and he resolved to wear two arms proper, holding a piece of iron and a hammer in a field table. The device has been since blazoned on his coach,

coach, with the motto, *Vi et armis*, "By force of arms," and he now defies the *beau-monde* to say, he cannot boast an heraldic coat.

During the disorders in Ireland, an officer and escort were sent to arrest a blacksmith near Dublin, accused of manufacturing pikes for the rebels.—After seizing the fellow, the officer insisted on being conducted to the place where the weapons were concealed, and the blacksmith was compelled to lead them to a discovery. After trudging very unwillingly for about two miles, he approached the banks of the Liffey, and pointing to the river, exclaimed—"There, there, your Honour, are the greatest number of fine *pikes* in all the Liffey!" In the mean time his son had taken care to remove every suspicious implement at the smithy.

An officer lately returned from India, having killed a tiger in that country, the exploit was a constant topic of conversation, and he related the circumstance with so much exaggeration, that his friends always blushed for him. In order to avoid mistakes in future, he ordered his servant to stand behind his chair, and touch him on the arm when he exceeded the bounds of probability. A few days since the Captain began his favourite story, and he very coolly observed, The tiger, gentlemen, had a tail nine feet long. Here his man touched him on the shoulder, and the Captain begged pardon for having made the tail rather too long: he assured them it was eight feet in length. The servant again touched his master on the shoulder; in consequence of which, the Captain jumped up in a rage, and knocked the man down, exclaiming, "You rascal, won't you let the tiger have any tail whatever?" It is needless to say the company at the table were convulsed with laughter.

A poor fellow, who had his eye considerably hurt by coming in contact with a butcher's man lately, in Piccadilly, kept bawling with the pain, "O! I am be-*tray*-ed—I am be-*tray*-ed."

A corn-factor, who has purchased a quantity of beans in Mark-lane, being asked for *prompt payment*, replied, it was impossible, as he had bought them for *Tick* Beans!

A *Tailor*, paying a visit of Inquiry to a *Gentleman* of the *Stage*, was told, that he should be paid if he would call to morrow. He accordingly made his exit, and the *honest* Hero of the Buskin exclaimed, in a stage whisper, "Never shall sun that morrow see!"

While a celebrated actress was performing on the Richmond Boards, her stage lover attempted to salute her, and she instantly turned her face from him. The performer, who was an Hibernian, piqued at her indifference, exclaimed, "By J——s, if you wont let me kiss you like a man, play the part yourself"—and then retired, amidst a roar of laughter.

As *Gigs* are so much in fashion, and as the *drivers* are not remarkably cautious, they should be informed of what Mr. Heaviside recently said, when he was invited to take a ride in one of these vehicles; viz. "No, thank you—I have at present *ten Gig Patients* under my care."

WIN-

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT HAMBLETON, &c.

FROM 1715 TO 1808.

(Continued from our last Magazine, Page 274.)

1773. MR. Jolliff's Friendly, by Mr. Hutton's Ranger—beating the Duke of Kingston's Maria-Antoi.., by Careless; Mr. Wood's Ambitious Molly; Mr. Waller's Mrs. Cole, &c.

1774. Mr. Duncombe's Rosebud, by Snap—beating Sir J. Moore's Tipsy, by Syphon; Mr. Donner's Mary-Ann; Mr. Clarke's Malton-Lassy; and Mr. Wentworth's Countess.

1775. Mr. Best's Mary-Davy, by Dainty-Davy—beating Mr. Coates's Thalia, by Adolphus; Mr. Gee's Chastity; Mr. Kaye's Caledonia; Mr. Cornforth's Milkmaid, &c.

1776.* Mr. Preston's Miss Cornforth, by Match'em—beating Mr. Wentworth's Monimia, by Match'em.

1777. Mr. Earle's Fortune, by Engineer—beating Mr. Garforth's Marcia, by Match'em; and Mr. Hutton's Tulip.

1778. Sir James Pennyman's Grey Match'em, by Match'em—beating Sir J. Lowther's Bonny-Brown, by Ascham; Mr. Bowes's Abigail; Sir H. Harpur's Whirligig; Mr. Wentworth's Augusta; Mr. Cornforth's Jacintha, &c.

1779. Mr. Coates's Duchess, by Le Sang, 4 years old—beating Mr. Garforth's Princess, by Turk; Mr. Stanhope's Small-hopes; Mr. Hutton's Gentle Kitty; and Mr. S. Hutchinson's Divinity.

1780. Mr. Coates's Duchess, by Le Sang—walked over.

1781. Mr. Wetherell's Amazon, by Le Sang—beating Lord Surrey's grey mare, by Turk; Mr. Golding's Lily; and Mr. Watson's Bitch-Fox.

1782. Sir Walter Vavasour's Cora, by Match'em—beating Mr. Wastell's Eyebright, by Match'em; and Mr. Dalton's Moorpout, by Young Marsk.

1783. Sir J. L. Kaye's Recovery, by Hyder Ally—beating Mr. Burdon's Dorcas, by Picture.

1784. Sir Thomas Dundas's Latona, by King Herod—beating Mr. Wentworth's Mayfly, by Carabineer.

1785. Lord Surrey's Temperance, by Phlegon—beating Mr. Artley's Miss Holderness, by Euryalus.

1786. Sir George Armytage's Lady Teazle, by Highflyer—beating Mr. Welburn's Columbine, by Espersykes; Mr. Coates's Omphale; and Mr. Garforth's Fairy, 4 years old:—Lady Teazle and Columbine ran a dead heat, but being run for over again, was won by the former.

* His Majesty was pleased to order his Purse of 100gs. usually run for at Black Hambleton, in the county of York, to be discontinued for the future, and that the same be run for this year (1776) on Knavesmire, near the City of York, and next year (1777) at Richmond, in the said county, and so continue to be run for by mares, at these places alternately.

1787. Duke of Norfolk's Merrylass, by Young Marsk—beating Mr. Wentworth's Cowslip, by Highflyer; Mr. Kay's Music; and Mr. J. Hutchinson's Prodigy.

1788. Mr. Peirse's Young Tuberose, by Young Marsk—beating Sir Frank Standish's Yellow Mare, by Tandem.

1789. Sir John Webb's Mary-Ann, by Florizel—beating Mr. Bethell's Ambrosio, by Magnumbonum; Mr. Burdon's bay mare, by Orpheus; and Mr. A. Graham's Duchess, by Laurel.

1790. Duke of Norfolk's roan mare, by Phlegon—beating Lord A. Hamilton's Young Flora, by Highflyer; Mr. Robinson's Fanny, by Weasel; and Mr. Bell's chesnut mare, by Alfred.

1791. Mr. Garforth's Camilla, by Highflyer—beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Pewett, by Tandem.

1792. Lord Belfast's Magnolia, by Highflyer—beating Mr. J. Robinson's bay mare, by Foxhunter; Colonel Radcliffe's Pigeon, by Phenomenon (fell); and Mr. Richardson's Palmflower, by Weasel.

1793. Mr. Peirse's Rosamond, by Tandem—beating Mr. Baird's Magdalina, by Highflyer: Mr. T. Hutchinson's Alexina, by King Fergus; Mr. Garforth's Catherine, 4 yrs old; and Hotham's Jessica, by Highflyer.

1794. Sir John Webb's Constant, by Highflyer—beating Mr. Ridley's Heiress, by Highflyer; Mr. Garforth's Catherine; Sir H. Williamson's Treecreeper; Mr. Milbanke's Lucy; Mr. R. W. Peirse's Wharfinger; and Mr. Shepperd's Madcap, 4 years old.

1795. Mr. Fowler's Charmer, by Phenomenon—beating Mr. I'Anson's Heroine, by Boudrow; Mr. Shepperd's Madcap, by King Fergus; and Sir H. Vane's Distance, by Phenomenon.

1796. Mr. Wilson's Eliza, by Highflyer—beating Mr. Clifton's Mary-Ann, by Sir Peter Teazle; Mr. Cradock's Tiptoe, by Delpini; and Mr. Hardy's bay mare, by Sir Peter Teazle.

1797. Mr. Walton's Farewell, by Slope—beating Mr. Lockley's Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer; Mr. Stapleton's Susannah, by Rockingham; Lord Cassilis's Clementina, 4 years old, &c.

1798. Mr. Garforth's Caroline, by Phenomenon—beating Sir Frank Standish's Parisot, by Sir Peter Teazle; Mr. T. Hutchinson's Stately, by Drone; Colonel Maxwell's Miss Beverley, by Delpini; and Mr. Dodsworth's bay mare, by Drone, out of Abba Thulle's dam.

1799. Sir H. T. Vane's Lopcatcher, by Young Marsk—beating Mr. Richardson's Lily of the Valley, by Windlestone.

1800. Duke of Hamilton's Young Rosaletta, by Walnut—beating Mr. G. Crompton's Stella, by Phenomenon.

1801. Mr. Peirse's Constantia, by Walnut—beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Fanny, by Sir Peter Teazle.

1802. Mr. Garforth's Marcia, by Coriander—beating Mr. Carter's Quiver, by Dart; Mr. G. Hutton's Crazy Jane, by Walnut; and Mr. Shepperd's Diana, by Walnut.

1803. Sir Thomas Gascoigne's Tooee, by Buzzard, 4 years old—beat-

ing

ing Mr. Stevenson's Cotillion, by Overton; and Mr. Topham's Young Lucy, by Delpini, 4 years old.

1804. Mr. Bowman's Susan, by Overton, 4 years old—beating Mr. Topham's Young Lucy; and Mr. Walton's Spitfire, by Pipator.

1805. Lord Belhaven's Lady Mary, by Beningbrough—beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Sally, by Sir Peter Teazle; and Mr. Bowman's Susan, by Overton.

1806. Mr. Garforth's Vesta, by Delpini—walked over.

1807. Lord Strathmore's Desdemona, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 years old—beating the Duke of Hamilton's Crazy, by Walnut.

1808. Lord Strathmore's Desdemona, by Sir Peter Teazle—beating Mr. S. Duncombe's Hipswell-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle; and Mr. Gascoigne's Dowager, by Hambletonian.

HISTORY AND DELINEATION OF THE HORSE.

IN consequence of an article which appeared in our last Magazine, of an intended publication of the *History of the Horse*, we have been reminded of another work, intended to be published, on the same subject, and of which a prospectus has been issued more than these twelve months. The prospectus states, that it is to be published in twelve monthly parts, to commence on the 1st of January, 1809, and be completed by the end of the year. The size, quarto, and to correspond with the *Sportsman's Cabinet*. The title runs thus:—"The HISTORY and DELINEATION of the HORSE, in all its varieties; comprehending the appropriate uses, management, and progressive improvement of each; with a particular investigation of the character of the race-horse, the hunter, the hackney, the coach, the cart-horse, &c. and their relative concerns in the business of the turf, the field, and the road; illustrated by anecdotes relating to each; with a comprehensive account of the most popular manner of treating those disorders to which this noble animal is subject, either by nature, or originating in improper treatment, from the best standard authorities: biographical notices of distinguished sportsmen, &c. The description of each leading variety will be illustrated by correct and highly-finished engravings, with corresponding scenery, from original paintings of standard excellence by the first masters. The engravings will be executed exclusively by Mr. John Scott, and the literary department by an established practical writer,"—who, we are given to understand, is the author of a Philosophical Treatise on Horses, &c. and several other works on sporting and rural subjects.

In addition to the copper-plates by Mr. Scott, a number of appropriate wood engravings, by Mr. Bewick, of Newcastle, Mr. Nesbit, and Mr. Clennel of London, are promised.

DEATH OF MR. C. SCAIFE.

AT eight o'clock on Friday morning, the 7th inst. died, at his farm-house, at Wath, near Rotherham;

ham, in Yorkshire, Mr. Christopher Scaife, aged about 63.—He was a native of Bedale, and went at an early age into the racing stables of the late John Pratt, Esq. under that well-known and excellent training-groom, Mr. Christopher Jackson.

About the year 1766, Mr. Scaife was brought forward as a public rider, Mr. C. Jackson having declined at the York August Meeting, 1765, in consequence of the horse he rode, Mr Fenwick's Shuttle, breaking both his fore-legs, a little above the fetlock-joint, when running for the King's Plate.

At York, on Friday, 1767, Mr. Scaife rode that celebrated mare A-la-greque, by Regulus, and won the Great Subscription-Purse, for four-year olds, four miles, beating, easy, All-fours, Protector, Bishop, Lash, Brown Helmsley, Barleycorn, &c.—Mr. Pratt had engaged the late Mr. John Singleton to ride A-la-greque, but Lord Rockingham purchasing Barleycorn of Mr. William Preston the night before running, Mr. Singleton was obliged to ride that horse, he being his Lordship's fixed jockey; and Mr. Pratt, in consequence thereof, put on Mr. Scaife, who displayed such skill and judgment in riding, as afterwards established him a first-rate jockey.

He continued rider for Messrs. Pratt, Fenwick, &c. until about the year 1773, when he was recommended by those gentlemen to Lord Rockingham, to succeed Mr. Singleton as rider, who had resigned his situation as a jockey from age. —Mr. Scaife afterwards succeeded Mr. Lunp as training-groom to his Lordship; and was continued in that situation by Earl Fitzwilliam until the 17th of May last, when he retired, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. John Scaife.

At Stamford, June 27, 1793, Mr. Scaife was engaged to ride Sir. William Lowther's Minion, by Magnet, for the Hunter's stakes, when, before starting, she unfortunately fell backwards with him and broke his collar-bone, several ribs, and he was other ways so much hurt by her falling upon him, that he never rode in public after.

Mr. Scaife, through the whole course of his life, was very much respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, as an upright and truly honest man.

DEAD GAME.

A Beautiful Engraving.

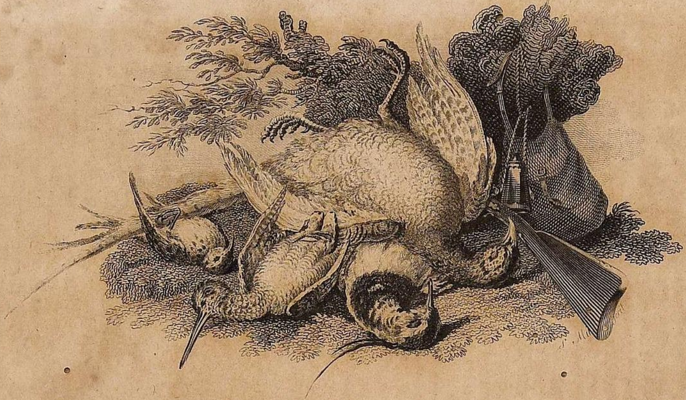
IT has, we believe, been before remarked by us, that when we have been applied to by an artist to employ his talents as an engraver, it has sometimes happened that we have said to him, "if you bring us a design applicable to our work, which has not been given before, and will furnish an engraving from it, we will take and use it." This is exactly the case with the plate now given, and which another artist of great eminence pronounced *a sweet thing*. We shall be highly gratified if our readers concur in this opinion.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH no one is more feelingly alive to the unmerited cruelty and bad usage too often inflicted on that noble animal the horse,



DEAD GAME.

Pub^{d} by. J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

horse, in urging him to exertions far beyond his strength, yet nothing gives me more pleasure than to be able to record the greatest exertions of power and swiftness performed by the class of horses here alluded to. Being an eye-witness of the following extraordinary feat, performed by four sets of horses kept on the road leading from Edinburgh to Glasgow, fordrawing the Telegraph coach, it cannot be made too public, as it shews what that noble and beautiful animal is capable of, when properly kept and attended to.

The Royal Telegraph four-horse coach started from the Star Inn, Glasgow, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 6th instant, and arrived at the Telegraph Coach-office, No. 3, Prince's-street, Edinburgh, at eight minutes past eight in the evening, carrying six inside and one outside passengers, with their luggage, beside the guard and coachman: therefore, allowing each individual to weigh on an average eleven stone, the whole weight will be as follows:—

	Cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
People	12	1	14
Coach..........	25	0	0
Making a total of...	37	1	15

The distance is, as near as possible, forty-four miles, and, allowing fifteen minutes for changing three sets of horses, five minutes each, makes the time that distance was performed in, three hours and fifty-two minutes—equal to twelve miles an hour. The obstructions in passing carts, carriages, and other vehicles, which are numerous on the road in the vicinity of Glasgow, beside upwards of five miles of new metaled road on the stage nearest Edinburgh, considerably retarded the progress of the coach, or the distance would have been performed in considerably less time: as it is, is the greatest speed ever known in public travelling.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

J. F.

Edinburgh, Oct. 9, 1808.

MANNER OF FATTENING TURKISH BEAUTIES.

THESE indolent beauties are placed in a small room, with very little light, where they are obliged almost always to sit down, and observe a rigorous silence; their only amusement is, to pinch the theorbe, play on the dulcimer, or arrange their head-dress before the glass. They are obliged to bathe twice a day, and with essences supple their fine skins.—They are fed on a glutinous mixture of the flour of Indian corn and honey, boiled together, and sweetened with the syrup of dates. It is not only the slaves of the Seraglio that they oblige to submit to this regimen, but every girl, desirous of being married, they fatten in the same manner, when nature has not rendered them sufficiently *en bon point* to meet the Mahometan taste.

DEATH OF OLD REYNARD.

A Herdsman lately met a fox in the morning, on a mountain in the neighbourhood of Ballycastle. On his approach, the animal did not offer to avoid him, but allowed him to come close up, when he struck it with a stick, and killed it. On examination, the fox was found to be completely destitute of teeth, and is supposed to have been blind with age.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Duke of Queensberry sent an express from London to Newmarket, to a friend, to bet him 500gs. on Selim against Violante, in the match run on the 4th instant. The betting, at starting, was 11 to 8 on Violante, who won quite easy.—*Selim* is own brother to the two famous runners Castrel and Rubens, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Old Cade.—*Violante* was got by John Bull; her dam, (now dead) was own sister to Skyscraper, by Highflyer, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse.—She is the best racer of her year in England.—In 1804, Lord Grosvenor sold John Bull to Lord Montgomerie, for 500gs.—His Lordship afterwards offered 1000gs. for him, which was refused.

AMONG the persons of distinction who attended the late Carlisle Races, was "the Laird of Suglin," who, though *ninety-six years of age*, travelled sixteen miles on foot to enjoy his favourite sport!

IN the Newmarket First October Meeting, Mr. Lake purchased Snug, by Whiskey, for his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and Lord Foley purchased Weaver, by Shuttle, of Mr. Howorth, for 300gs.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of York's Stud will be sold at Tattersall's, by the hammer, on Monday the 7th of November next.—There will be upwards of forty lots of horses in training, brood mares, colts, and fillies.—The mares are covered by Sorcerer, Orville, Haphazard, and Giles.

THE Stewards nominated for next year's Dumfries Races are:—

The Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk.

Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck.

C. G. S. Menteath, Esq. of Closeburn.

Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddom.

Major John Douglas, of Lockerby, and

John Maitland, Esq. of Eccles.

The Countess of Selkirk, Lady Patroness of the Dumfries and Galloway Hunt.

The Earl of Dakeith, President; and

Sir Charles Douglas, Bart. Vice-President.

ON the 7th instant, the Manhood Hunt started a hare, near Birdham Mill, in Sussex, which, after a considerable circuitous run, took to the high road, and led her pursuers through the turnpike-gate, into the city of Chichester, where she was met by five or six men, who turned her, and forced the timid animal to leap over a stone wall, whither the hounds and huntsmen followed, and drove her into an adjacent cellar, where poor puss was taken and put to death.

A Fox, lately turned out at Fisherwick Park, the hunting seat of the Marquis of Donegal, being hard pressed, forced his way into the window of a farm-house, and took shelter under the bed of a farmer's wife, who had not an hour before lain in. The feelings of all parties, on this occasion, may be easier imagined than described.

The

The good woman, however, suffered no material injury by reynard's unexpected visit, who is, we understand, reserved for the sports of another day.

Gamekeepers.—The Board of Taxes has lately been asked the following question by the Commissioners for the hundred of Beltisloe, in Lincolnshire; viz.

"Whether one game certificate will be sufficient for each deputation, or whether as many certificates as there are manors named must be taken out: and also, whether the certificate ought to be taken out where the manor is situate, or where the gamekeeper resides?"

To which the Board has returned the following answer:—

"One certificate only is necessary for each deputation; and the certificate must be taken out where the master or gamekeeper resides, depending on the payment, for each of which cases a separate certificate is directed."

On Saturday, the 24th ult. Jos. Kilburn, gamekeeper to Mrs. Lyon, of Hetton, Durham, was fined 5l. at a meeting of the Magistrates, for shooting out of the manor for which he was deputed.

On Wednesday, the 12th instant, about six o'clock, a covey of partridges were seen to pitch near the shrubbery, in the middle of the Circus, Bath, supposed to have taken refuge there, having escaped the aim of some distant gunner.—Under the effects of fright and fatigue, six were easily caught by three servants, and, strange as it may appear, they were the three servants of three eminent physicians, who reside in that elegant pile: Dr. F.'s man secured *three*; Dr. P.'s *two*; and Dr. G.'s *the other bird*. A *consultation* afterwards took place respecting the fate of these poor tremblers, when it was humanely determined that they should be taken in a basket to some distance, and liberated, which was accordingly done.—A keen sportsman would not approve of this forbearance; but, perhaps, neither of the Doctors had taken out a license to kill——*game*.

A male and female hare were put together by Lord Ribblesdale for a year, when the offspring amounted to 68. A pair of rabbits, inclosed for the same period, produced about 300.—The value of rabbits' wool, used annually in the manufacture of hats, &c. is stated at 250,000l.

A man, of the name of Thomas Lort, well known in West Kent for catching moles, badgers, and vipers, in the season, for the apothecaries, brought a fresh badger in a bag to Wrotham last Fair, and, having dug a hole in a bank as deep as a baker's oven, he turned the badger to earth, and closing the mouth of the hole with his sack, offered to bring out the animal in his teeth, if the crowd would raise him half-a-guinea; which being presently done, he entered the place with a short stick. The badger seldom relinquishes its hold, and he immediately seized the stick. Tom Lort then fastened his teeth on the nape of the badger's neck, and brought the animal forth with the stick in its mouth, and having several times performed this exploit, retired with his friends to enjoy the produce of his dexterity.

Although the moor game are not in such abundance this season as for some years past, yet the partridges were never more numerous.

The

The Marquis of Huntley, on Monday, the 19th ult. killed thirty-five brace within the range of two miles of Huntley Lodge.

Woodcocks have already made their appearance in the county of Suffolk, which, at so early a period, is generally considered indicative of a severe winter. Mr. Harman, near Blithbury, shot three brace there the early part of this month; they are supposed to be the first birds of that kind killed this season in any part of the island.

On Saturday, the 24th ult. a hare was observed lying before a door in Manchester-street, which, it is supposed, strayed from the New Road. The poor animal was immediately pursued, and in less than five minutes the street was crowded: she succeeded in making her way down through Duke-street, followed by an immense mob.—The novelty of a hunt in such a place, caused every person in the surrounding streets to join in the chase. Notwithstanding her numerous pursuers, she made her way down Oxford-street, and into Stratford-place, where she got into the corner next to the Duke of St. Alban's house, and remained quietly until she was taken alive by the Duke's porter, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators.

A grand match of Back-sword Playing took place at Swindon, Wiltshire, on Friday and Saturday the 23d and 24th ult. The gamesters consisted chiefly of the Swindon and Devizes parties. On the first day there were eight single-head tiers; viz. four on each side; two couple played out the tie, each side winning a head; the other two tiers of the Devizes side, namely, Glass and Palmer, refusing to face their opponents when called by the umpires, they declared their heads forfeited; consequently the Swindon party became entitled to the prize. On the second day a reinforcement of six fresh men on the Devizes side arrived in a sociable and four horses. There were on that day eleven single-head tiers; viz. seven on Devizes side, and four on Swindon; four couple played out the tie, each party winning two heads: the two two-head tiers on the Swindon side then contended against two others of the single-head tiers on the Devizes side; the first head being gained on the Devizes side, and the remaining tier on the Swindon side having four left to contend with, it was mutually agreed the play should cease, and that the Devizes party should take the prize, subject to an allowance to the last Swindon tier on his consenting to withdraw. — The prizes offered for young gamesters afforded very little sport, owing to the want of gamesters to contend with the Swindon lads, by whom the prizes on each day were easily won.—In the course of the two days sport, thirty-two couple contended for the prizes, who played 210 bouts; 31 heads were broken, two forfeited, and the last couple drawn.

Another grand match at backsword has since been played, at Shepperton, Middlesex, and much courage was displayed at that "right valiant pastime." The hero of Berks, Henwood, obstinately disputed the great prize with T. Edney, who won it. The hat for two young players afforded much sport, and was carried away by Duckett of Staines. The ties were all played out. Fifteen couple played, affording 131 bouts, and 14 heads were broken!

At

At Rochdale races, the Brighton Shepherd, so well known as a pedestrian, was matched against a horse of the Hon. Capt. Harley Rodney's (rode by Lord Rodney), for one hundred yards. This race, from its novelty, excited very considerable attention, and was won by the Shepherd.

Early this month, Rickets, the celebrated Hampshire pedestrian, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to run seventeen miles in two hours, which he performed in one hour and forty-nine minutes. He has undertaken, for 100 guineas, to run twenty miles in two hours, and will attempt it soon.

An extraordinary feat of pedestrianism was performed, one morning this month, by a man of the name of Williams, steward to Mr. Crouch, of Wigmore-street. He was backed for twenty guineas, to go twenty miles in two hours.—He started at Hammersmith, and did the distance in unfavourable weather, in seven minutes within the given time. His track was from Colnbrook, and to return to near the Magpies.

Mr. Goodwin, shoeing-smith, of Winchester, lately undertook, for a wager, to shoe six horses in seven hours, and make the shoes and nails himself complete; which he accomplished within 25 minutes of the appointed time.

Captain Barclay, of Ury, the well known pedestrian of the present day, has now undertaken what the best judges think beyond the powers of human nature. Captain B. is to go on foot 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, and to perform one mile only in each hour, for 1000 guineas. To start at Newmarket the 1st of June next.

Match against Time.—On the 10th inst. Mr. Bower, of the Crown Inn, Nottingham, undertook, for a wager of forty guineas, to go with a mare belonging to him in a light cart, to Newark and back, being a distance of forty miles, in four hours. He set out at half past ten o'clock, and performed the journey within twelve minutes of the given time. Considerable bets were laid against the performance. The mare is under fourteen hands high.

The 26th ult. a foot-race of rather a novel description, took place at Parbold, near Liverpool, between a veteran soldier, of 77, and a bulky lady, of 55, for a trifling sum. The parties were to run, *clogs on their feet*, a quarter of a mile up Parbold-hill, and back again, which they accordingly did. At starting, bets were much in favour of the old man, who was, however, distanced, although the lady in descending, fell at full length in the mud, a considerable quantity of which she brought with her to the starting post; presenting to the spectators a more grotesque figure than ever entered the fertile mind of Hogarth.

The Mail Coach, going from London to Chester, was met by the up-coach, on Wednesday the 12th, about six miles on this side of that city, without either coachman or guard, but with two passengers inside, wholly ignorant of their situation. The coachman of the Mail coming to London, took charge of the one going to Chester, and the guard, with the assistance of a passenger, proceeded on with the other to London. It afterwards appeared, that the coachman had either fallen, or, by the roughness of the road, been thrown from the box, soon after they left Tarporley, and that the guard had got down to endea-

vour to stop the horses, but was altogether unable to overtake them. The horses, when met, were proceeding slowly on, and must have travelled upwards of three miles without a driver or guard.

An extraordinary occurrence took place lately, in Merrion-square, Dublin:—A groom belonging to Mr. Atwell's livery-stables had a horse in training for the harness; and when driving from Upper to Lower Merrion-street, the animal took head, broke the driving reins, and, galloping furiously along the west side of the square, threw off both his hind shoes, one of which passed through a window in the attic story of Mrs. Cumming's house, the corner of Clare-street, a distance of sixty feet from the flagged way. This extraordinary circumstance was witnessed by numbers of people.

Boxing.—A very obstinately contested pitched battle was fought on Wednesday morning, the 12th instant, for a purse of twenty guineas, and a blooming damsel of eighteen, between a gentleman coachman of the name of Howard, and a person of the name of Miffin, a coach proprietor. The match was made in the heat of the moment the Monday previous, when the competitors, who were rival suitors of the lady, both unluckily met together at her lodgings, and a short rencontre followed. The money was staked, *death or victory*, and the parties met at day-break, in a field between Acton and Wormwood Scrubs. The battle lasted forty minutes, and about double that number of tremendous unskilful blows were exchanged. Victory, which alternately hovered over each, ultimately crowned the head of Howard, who was quite as badly beaten as his antagonist; and had the young lass for whom they fought been present, it would have puzzled her to distinguish the features of her champions.

A pitched battle, for what is elegantly termed a *belly-full*, was fought on Monday the 17th, in a field at Newington, between a man of Herculean strength, of the name of Jones, a brick-maker, and a hackney-coachman of the name of Willis, a man experienced at the pastime. The battle was well contested for twenty-five minutes, when the brickmaker turned *currish*, and the coachman was victorious.

A battle was lately fought, near Newton, Somerset, between two colliers, when one of them received so violent a blow behind his ear, that he died the same night.—Coroner's verdict, *Manslaughter*.

On Saturday, the 17th ult. an information was brought in the Croydon Court, by John Grace and John Allen, of Sutton, Surrey, against Thomas Hoskins, a labouring man, of Ewell-hill, for having in his possession a twisted wire, similar to those used for catching hares. The defence was, that he made use of the wire to fasten on his scythe; but this story not being proved by any one on oath, it did not gain credit with the Magistrates, and he was ordered to pay a fine of 5l. which he accordingly did. Several respectable farmers of Sutton, however, were induced to think his defence just, and that he had been harshly dealt with, which opinion having been corroborated by one of the informers shewing great contrition, and returning to the poor man one guinea, a subscription has been since raised, which, with the money returned, is said to amount to more than the fine levied.

FUR-

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE BATTLES AT MOULSEY HURST.

OF the pugilistic matches at Moulsey, on Tuesday, *(a detail of which we have given in the preceding part of this Number)* the battle between Crib and Gregson excited the most interest. It now turns out that Gregson was the most injured. He was removed from the Hurst to the King's Head, at Hampton, where he remained until Wednesday. The right side of his face presented a spectacle which will be readily conceived, when it is stated, that he received on that part upwards of a score of Crib's left-handed blows. During every minute of this obstinate conflict, Gregson entertained a strong opinion of winning. He would have gone on for another quarter of an hour, had it not been for the fall he received in the twenty-third and last round, which so deprived him of strength and faculty that he could not appear again at the half minute time. He fell on his head, which completely stunned him.

Crib received three blows more tremendous than the rest; one of these was on the temple, in the sixth round, and the other on the breast, in the seventh round. In both these rounds Crib had the worst of it, and was hit to a state of stupidity; and had Gregson fought at arm's length, without closing, he must have made a wonderful alteration in the battle. The other blow, which disfigured Crib, was behind the right ear. He was taken to the Toy Inn, at Hampton Court, and bled, and on Wednesday, Gulley conveyed him to London. Crib challenged to fight Richman the Black, who had offended him, for fifty guineas, without putting his shirt on, in the same ring where he had conquered Gregson. Crib's seconds state, that he would have stood another half hour, which is very likely, when his wind and bottom are considered.

Cropley is most hideously disfigured about the head, and although Belcher had the advantage during the whole of the battle, with the exception of two or three rounds, yet a fall which Cropley received in the last round abruptly terminated this combat also. He was thrown heavily on the back part of his head, which fairly bounced from the ground into the hands of Hall, his second, and he was unable to face his adversary in time. At the expiration of the time to meet again, Cropley was senseless, and when his seconds were removing him, the stun of the fall having partly left him, he put himself again in a defensive attitude, begged to be placed to his man, and complained of not being half beat. This fight was a true specimen of skill and bottom, and Cropley evidently lost his adversary's length, and gave his own head to Belcher's hits. Cropley was constantly hit at going in, and Belcher was too good a judge to drop this offensive system.

Dogherty's adversary, who was palmed upon the ring as a countryman, resides in the *country* of Drury-lane, and gave some good specimens of his abilities. Sixty-three rounds were fought, when Dogherty was declared the conqueror.

Crib has been presented with one hundred and fifty pounds by his backer, out of the stake money, as a reward for his courage. Gregson is also well taken care of by his patron, and will receive a handsome subscription purse, collected by Mr.

F 2 Jackson,

Jackson, who has presented the other losers with sums of money equal to their merits.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

ABRIDGED ACCOUNT.

MONDAY, October 17.—One-third of a Subscription of 25gs. each, was won by Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, 6 years old, beating Lord Lowther's Brainworm, aged, and Mr. Fermor's Cerberus, 6 years old; 5 to 2 on Meteora.—General Grosvenor's John O'Gaunt beat Mr. Lloyd's Fun, 100gs.; 2 to 1 on John O'Gaunt.—Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, beat Mr. Wyndham's Election, 200gs; 6 to 5 on Eaton.—Mr. Fermor's Brighton, against Lord Lowther's Tot, 200gs.; ran a dead heat.—Duke of Grafton's Morel beat Lord Sackville's Bustard, 200gs.; 6 to 4 on Morel.—Lord Foley's Agnes beat General Grosvenor's Rifleman, 200gs.; 5 to 4 on Rifleman.—Duke of Grafton's Musician beat Lord Darlington's Goodall, 200gs.; 6 to 4 on Musician.—Lord Egremont's Brother to Trafalgar, beat Mr. Craven's Beau Nash, 200gs.; 11 to 8 on Beau Nash.—Sweepstakes of 200 gs. each, was won by the Duke of Grafton's Vandyke, beating Lord Sackville's Prospero, and Mr. Howorth's Cassio.—Lord Grosvenor's Violante beat Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates, 200gs.; 4 to 1 on Violante.

TUESDAY, 50l. for two-year olds, was won by Mr. Panton's Chloris, beating Sir J. Shelley's Sock, and nine others.—Lord Sackville's Deceiver beat the Duke of Grafton's Vanity, 50gs.; 11 to 8 on Deceiver.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Chester, beating Lord G. H. Cavendish's Hymen, and Mr. Lloyd's Zephyr; 6 to 4 on Chester.—Lord Sackville's Deceiver beat Mr. Vansittart's Burleigh, 200gs.; 6 to 4 on Deceiver.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, was won by Mr. Lake's Nymphina, beating General Grosvenor's John O'Gaunt, and Mr. Howorth's Lauretta; 6 to 4 on Nymphina.—Mr. Emden's Miss Seedling beat Mr. Goodisson's b. c. Chance, 25gs.; 6 to 4 agst Miss Seedling.

WEDNESDAY, Mr. Kellermann's L'Huile de Venus beat Sir C. Turner's Mr. Gundy, 200gs.; 2 to 1 on the winner.—First Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs. each, was won by Mr. Wyndham's Election, beating Lord Foley's Weaver, and 4 others; even betting on Election. The Town Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Lake's Fuscus, beating Mr. Bouverie's Wood-Dæmon, and six others; 3 to 1 against Fuscus.

THURSDAY, Mr. Fermor's Cerberus beat Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates, 200gs.: 3 to 1 on Cerberus.—Duke of Rutland's Ned beat Mr. Lloyd's Fun, 100gs.; 6 to 4 on Ned.—Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes was won by Mr. Shakespear's Sir David, beating five others; 12 to 1 against Sir David.—Lord Egremont's Brother to Trafalgar, beat Mr. Shakespear's Mungo, 200gs.; 11 to 8 on the winner. Mr. Lloyd's Fun beat Lord Foley's b. c. by Don Quixote, 50gs.; 5 to 4 on Fun.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was won by Mr. Craven's Beau Nash, beating Lord Kinnaird's Achilles and Mr. Lloyd's Zephyr; 6 to 4 on Beau Nash.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance, and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.*

THE MILK-MAID's ANSWER.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then *Philomel* becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

Why should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

* Dr. Warburton, in his notes on the Merry Wives of Windsor, ascribes this song to Shakespeare: 'tis true, Sir Hugh Evans, in the third act of that play, sings four lines of it; and it is printed in a collection of poems said to be Shakespeare's, published between twenty and thirty years after his death; but the authority of that collection has ever been questioned. On the contrary, Walton has just said it was made by Kit Marlow, a poet well known at that time.—The reader will judge of these authorities as he pleases.

THE

THE GAMING-TABLE.

BEHOLD yon group, fast fix'd at break of day,
Whose haggard looks a sleepless night betray,
With stern attention, silent and profound,
The mystic table closely they surround;
Their eager eyes with eager motions join,
As men who meditate some vast design.
Sure these are statesmen, met for public good,
For some among them boast of *noble* blood;
Or are they traitors, holding close debate
On desp'rate means, to overthrow the state?
For there are men among them whose domains,
And goods, and chattels, lie within their brains.
No—these are students of the blackest art,
That can corrupt the morals or the heart!
Yet are they oft in fashion's rank preferr'd,
And men of *honour*—if you take their word;
But they can pillage, plunder, and devour,
More than *poor robbers* at the midnight hour;
Lay deeper schemes, to manage *lucky hits*,
Than artful swindlers, living by their wits;
Like cunning fowlers, spread th' alluring snare,
And glory when they pluck a pigeon bare.
These are our gamesters, who have basely made
The cards and dice their study and their trade.
How many a youth these harpies have undone,
Who swift from hence the "Road to Ruin" run!
Here many a fool hath fickle fortune sought,
And all his injur'd race to begg'ry brought!

Among the idiot pranks of wealth's abuse,
None seem so monstrous, none have less excuse,
Than those which throw an heritage away,
Upon the lawless chance of desp'rate play;
Nor is there, among knaves, a wretch more base
Than he who steals it with a smiling face;
Who makes diversion to destruction tend,
And thrives upon the ruin of a friend!

PROLOGUE

To the New Traditionary Play, entitled,

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.—Spoken by Mr. Putnam.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,
Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic, for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark, extended to a blaze;
While moral ardour kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of love!

Our bard no longer treads on fairy-land,
Where fancy, like a despot, holds command;
No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animating haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste,
He simply offers, unadorned by art,
One touch of nature, on a gen'rous heart.*
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.

* This is an allusion to the character of Micsco.

Hearts

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy—you that spare.

DUCK SHOOTING.

(From "Fowling"—a Poem.)

THE shadowy Night has nearly run her course
Over the silent world—the cock repeats
His warning note—behoves us to prepare
For our expected sport. Now, when the stars
Slowly decrease, and the faint glimm'ring light
First trembles in the east, we hasten forth,
To seek the rushing river's wand'ring wave.
The doubtful gloom shall favour our approach,
And should we through th' o'erhanging bushes view
The dim-discovered flock, the well-aim'd shot
Shall have insur'd success, nor leave the day
To be consum'd in vain. For shy the game,
Nor easy of access to the fowler's toils
Precarious; but, inur'd to ev'ry chance,
We urge those toils with glee. E'en the broad sun,
In his meridian brightness, shall not check
Our steady labour; for some rushy pool,
Some hollow willowy bank, the skulking birds
May then conceal, which our staunch dogs shall pierce,
And drive them clam'ring forth. Those tow'ring rocks,
With nodding wood o'erhung, that faintly break
Upon the straining eye, descending deep,
A hollow basin form, the which receives
The foaming torrent from above. Around
Thick alders grow. We steal upon the spot
With cautious step, and peering out, survey
The restless flood. No object meets our eye.
But hark! what sound is that approaching near?
"Down close." The wild-ducks come, and darting down,
Throw up on ev'ry side the troubled wave:
Then gaily swim around with idle play.
With breath restrain'd, and palpitating heart,
I view their movements, whilst my well-taught dogs,
Like lifeless statues crouch. Now is the time.
Closer they join; nor will the growing light
Admit of more delay—With fiery burst,
The unexpected death invades the flock;
Tumbling they lie, and beat the flashing pool,
Whilst those remoter from the fatal range
Of the swift shot, mount up on vig'rous wing,
And wake the sleeping echoes as they fly.
Quick on the floating spoil my spaniels rush,
And drag them to the shore.

THE FILBERT.

NAY, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas.
There is a maggot there—it is his house—
His castle—oh commit no burglary!
Strip him not naked—'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the very armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth—
So easily all things may be destroy'd!
But 'tis not in the pow'r of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amus'd themselves
With watching maggots run their riggling race,
And wagering on their speed; but, Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pamper'd worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some barber's leathern powder bag,
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce beau, or lady fair, or doctor grave.
Enough

Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd;
Increase not thou the number!—Him the mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,
May from his native tenement eject:
Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill,
Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes,
As this poor maggot hath, and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The maggot knows not—Nicholas, methinks
'Twould be a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernel'd thus; never to hear
Of wars, of revolutions, and of plots,
Kings, ministers, and tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The filbert tree, and rock'd me to my rest;
And in the middle of such dainty food
To live luxurious! The perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independence of mankind.

MICHAEL WIGGINS IN DEBT.

DEBT's like a mouse-trap—when you once begin,
You'll find it no great matter to get in,
But rather puzzling to get out again:
This fact one Michael Wiggins found so true,
That he determin'd to get out of view,
So took snug lodgings in a secret lane.

Here, at his window plac'd, the cunning dog,
Hugging himself on being thus *incog.*
Reflected on the horrors of the Fleet.
"True," he exclaim'd, "these lodgings are but mean,
And in the day I cannot well be seen,
Still liberty, dear liberty, is ever sweet!"

But quickly broken were his reveries,
For lo! athwart the dusky street he sees
A wretched, sinful, and despairing elf,
Fast'ning a rope the iron lamp-post round,
Mounting the steps, and with a fatal bound,
Just going to take a swing, and hang himself.

Up Michael starts—compassion lends him wings,
Rushes down stairs—the door wide open flings,
And with his cries the neighbourhood alarms;
Arriving just in time the rope to grasp,
Untie the death-dispensing noose, and clasp
The sinking victim in his open arms.

"Ah!" cries the prostrate wretch, in deep distress,
"How can I e'er my gratitude express,
Sav'd to myself, my children, and my wife.
Oh! that myself, my wife, and children seven,
May daily pour your name in pray'rs to Heav'n:
Tell me, oh tell to whom I owe my life!"

Says Michael, with a blush of modest sense,
"I'm but the instrument of Providence,
Which mighty ends by humble means procures.
To Heav'n alone your gratitude should tend,
In me, however, view your future friend;
My name is MICHAEL WIGGINS—what is your's?"

Quick starting up, and seizing Michael fast,
"So!" cries the man, "I've found you, then, at last;
There's no mistake—I've nabb'd you now, by G—!
Sly as you are, at length you're fairly bit,
I am a BAILIFF—this here is a writ,
So, Master WIGGEY, come along to quod!"

EPIGRAM.

WITH wig profound, old GALEN cries,
"My patients ne'er complain."
"I do believe you," NED replies—
"You put them out of pain."